

# THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

VOL. LII.—NO. 37.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 2592.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office, Phila.

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES.

Office, 907 Arch Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

For Terms &c., see BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

## Poetry.

### THE DAY OF LIFE.

Dies Ieda, Dies Vitæ.

Lo! the Day—the Day of Life—Day of unimagined Light,  
Day when Death itself shall die—and there shall be no more night.  
Steadily the Day approaches when the just shall find their rest,  
When the wicked cease from troubling, and the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages, by the just expected long;  
Long implored, at length He hasteth, cometh with Salvation's song.  
Oh, how past all utterance happy, sweet and joyful it will be,  
When they who, unseen, have loved Him—Jesus face to face shall see.

In that Day, how good and pleasant, this poor world to have despised;  
And how mournful, and how bitter, dear that lost world to have prized;  
Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners, who for Christ have toiled and died,  
Driven by the world's rough pressure in these mansions to abide.

There shall be no sighs or weeping, not a shade of doubt or fear,  
No old age, no want or sorrow—nothing sick or lacking there.  
There the Peace will be unbroken, deep and solemn joy be shed;  
Youth in fadless flower and freshness, and Salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture, none can dream and none can tell,  
There to reign among the angels, in the heavenly home to dwell.

To those realms, just Judge, O call me—deign to open that blest Gate,  
Thou, whom seeking, looking, longing, I with eager hope await.

—A Hymn of the Twelfth Century.

## Communications.

For The Messenger.  
MINISTERIAL RELIEF SOCIETY.

During the period of the connection of the *Coetus* or Synod with the Synods of North and South Holland, there was a "Widow's Fund," as stated in our previous article, but no "Widow's Fund Society," strictly so speaking. There was a voluntary association of German Reformed ministers, who contributed to the funds, but there was no society in law, known by that name. The association formed after the connection with the Synod of Holland, was broken off in 1792, was named "The Society of Guardians for the Relief of the Widows of the German Reformed Clergymen." This with the addition of, "being members of this Society," became the title of the Society under the Charter granted by the Supreme Court of the State in 1810, as before stated.

The name of the Society was unduly long and cumbersome. This, together with a desire to not confine the benefits of the Society to the ministers, who were citizens of Pennsylvania, but to extend them to the entire German Reformed Church in the United States, and likewise to afford relief to members of the Society themselves, who had become disabled and were in necessitous circumstances, as well as also to the needy, worthy widows of our ministry in certain cases, who were not members of the Society, led to the change of the name and title, effected by an Enabling Act of the Legislature, to that of the "Society for the Relief of Ministers and their Widows of the Reformed Church in the United States." This is now the legal name and title of the Society.

As the early records of the Society have been lost or mislaid, we have no definite information of the earlier proceedings of the Society, as a body corporate. And as traveling at that time was both expensive and inconvenient, the officers of the Society, no doubt, were frequently unable to attend the annual meetings of Synod, and the transaction of business, and especially the distribution of funds, was left very much in the hands of the members, who happened to be in attendance upon the Synod.

The funds ultimately passed into the hands of the venerable Samuel Helffenstein, D. D., who safely invested them, and distributed the proceeds among the surviving widows entitled to receive them. As an instance of well applied charity, it may be mentioned, that the widow of the sainted Winkhaus, one of the worthiest of the early pastors of the late Race street church of Philadelphia, was kept from actual want by the relief extended to her by the Society, for many years. Mrs. Winkhaus survived nearly fifty years after the death of her husband, who died in Philadelphia, October 3d, 1793, from that dreaded disease, yellow fever.

The members of the Society, in 1832, having been reduced to only four, and there being danger of the corporation becoming extinct, those venerable men represented the fact to the Synod, held in Frederick, Md., in 1832, and requested the appointment of a committee to confer with them as to the proper disposition to be made of its funds. Accordingly, the Synod appointed a committee for the purpose, but the chairman of the committee, Rev. Jacob W. Dechant, died of cholera on his way home from the meeting of the Synod, and nothing was then done in the matter. But the subject was again brought up at the Synod of Easton, Pa., the ensuing year, and another committee was appointed, with instructions to confer with the surviving corporators, and request them to transfer their funds to the Theological Seminary, at that time located at York, Pa. A joint meeting of the corporators and the committee was held at the house of Henry Schneider, (father of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Schneider, for many years a missionary of our Church in Syria,) at Falconer Swamp, Montgomery county, Pa., October 31st, 1833. At this time the corporators or members of the Society numbered only three, to wit, Revs. Caspar Wack, William Hendel, D. D., and Samuel Helffenstein, D. D. After long and earnest discussion, it was resolved to submit the whole question for decision to the judgment of the Synod, at its next annual meeting, to be held in Pittsburgh, Pa. At Pittsburgh in 1834, the Synod decided in favor of perpetuating the Society, with such amendments and changes of its charter and Rules and By-Laws, as would present greater inducements to the ministry of the Reformed Church to become members of the Society.

The amendments and changes proposed were as follows: In the Charter, the words, "Citizens of this Commonwealth," to be stricken out, so as to make it general for the whole Church.

The seventh article of the Rules or By-Laws to be so altered as to require of any minister, who desires to become a member of the Society, the payment of five dollars to the Treasurer, as an initiation fee, at the time of becoming a member, and annually thereafter the sum of three dollars during his lifetime, instead of "two pounds."

The eighth article to be conformed to the requisitions of the seventh article, as it was proposed to alter it, so far as it regards the sum to be paid annually.

The ninth article to be so changed as to require widowers, who marry again, the payment of six dollars, instead of four pounds, the year they marry again.

The tenth article to be conformed to the general requisitions of the seventh article, as proposed to be altered.

The thirteenth article to be stricken out. The proposed alterations were submitted to the corporators by a committee appointed by the Synod for the purpose, of which Rev. B. C. Wolff, D. D., was chairman. And at the following meeting of the Synod,

held in Chambersburg, Pa., in 1835, the committee reported, that the propositions of the Synod of Pittsburgh had been accepted by the surviving corporators, and that the Society would be perpetuated, according to the wishes of the Synod. The result was, that a number of the ministers present became members, and the Society was reorganized by the election of the Rev. Isaac Gerhart as President, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Helffenstein as Treasurer, and the Rev. Dr. B. C. Wolff as Secretary. In 1839, at the Synod of Philadelphia, the Rev. Henry Bibbhaus was chosen President, and it was resolved to apply for a new charter. Accordingly, application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania in due form, and it was understood that a new charter was granted. But this was a mistake, as was subsequently learned.

Meanwhile, little or no interest seems to have been taken in the affairs of the Society, and it was not until the Synod of Norristown, in 1849, that it was organized under what was supposed to be the new charter, by the election of Rev. Dr. B. C. Wolff as President. At the Synod of Baltimore, in 1852, the Rev. John Rebaugh was chosen President, and the Rev. Dr. Wolff, Treasurer; the funds, however, still remaining in the hands of the Rev. A. Helffenstein, Jun., who had been appointed Trustee by the Synod for the purpose specified, until the widow of the Rev. Jonathan Rahauer, the last who was entitled to its benefits, was removed to her "Father's house, where there is bread enough and to spare."

To add to the Society's complications, it was then ascertained, that the new charter, under which the officers of the Society had been acting for years, had never received proper legislative sanction, and consequently was no charter. It had passed one house of the Pennsylvania Legislature, but owing to the hurry of the session at the close of the session, it had been overlooked in the other, and so was of course invalid. This threw the Society back upon the old charter, given by the Supreme Court of the State. Upon a careful examination, this was found to require nothing more than an extension of its powers and a change of name or title, make it all that was desirable. An Enabling Act to that effect was applied for, and obtained from the authorities of the State, and is now in full force and virtue by law. Copies of these were published in THE MESSENGER of the 30th of last April.

It will be proper to consider and discuss the finances of the Society in a subsequent article.

W. M. D.,  
President of the Society.

For The Messenger.

### THE SUPPLY OF MINISTERS.

That there is a scarcity of ministers in our Reformed Church is a fact that has lately been creating considerable interest, if not some degree of alarm, in certain portions of the Church. The fact is a stubborn one, and there are only two practical questions with reference to it that can lead to profitable discussion. First, What is the cause? Second, What is the remedy?

In the practice of medicine the diagnosis precedes the treatment. The remedy often consists in simply removing the cause of the ailment. A mistake in the diagnosis will make the best prescription useless.

If the Reformed Church has not enough ministers to fill her pulpits, there must be a cause for it. The common complaint is that the other professions are over crowded. The scarcity of young men who have the necessary qualifications, or natural gifts, to fill honorable places in the various professions can, therefore, not be the cause of the lack of ministers of the gospel in our Church. There are talented young men enough in the Church to fill our pulpits. Why can they not be gotten? Why do they prefer to enter the Law, Medicine, or Teaching? As soon as we have answered this question the remedy is easily prescribed. Do young men refuse to enter the ministry because it costs too much to make the necessary preparation? Is it because they are too poor to pay their way through college and the theological seminary? If so, the remedy is evident. More beneficiary aid will accomplish the purpose.

But we doubt seriously whether it is either the extreme poverty of students or the time and expense necessary to prepare for the work, that keeps young men out of the ministry. It costs fully twice as much to take a course in a good medical college as it does to go through any of our best theological seminaries. It costs more to read law, more even to take a thorough course in Pedagogics, than to study Theology. There is no provision made for indigent students to any extent in medical schools and law schools, and yet these two professions are over crowded, it is claimed. There are about as many poor young men found in the Law and Medicine as in the Ministry. How is it that they enter the former professions without any beneficiary aid, whilst they can not be induced to enter the latter even by offering them a prize of two hundred dollars a year in the way of beneficiary aid? The cause of the difficulty can not lie mainly either in the poverty of students or in the length of time required to prepare for the ministry. What is there in the other professions that tempts young men, both poor and rich, to enter them, but that is not found in the ministry of the R-formed Church? Why is not the highest of all callings as attractive to young men as any other? How does the ministry in the Reformed Church differ from other professions, so as to make it a less desirable calling to many young men?

We shall venture an explanation of the fact, that seems reasonable and probable to us.

A young man, when he is about to choose his life work, naturally asks himself two sensible questions (and we can even forgive him for it): First, "Am I naturally fitted for the work and do I like it?" Second, "Will I, by honest, faithful labor, be able to secure a reasonable degree of comfort for myself, and especially for my family?" He realizes that he has a duty towards himself and his family, as well as towards his profession.

All professions are alike in one respect, viz: there are men found in them that do not succeed, and, consequently, must live in poverty. Perhaps we may say that a man with little brains is better paid and cared for in the ministry than in any other profession.

The ministry of the Reformed Church differs from these other professions, however, in one important respect: Although there are a great many lawyers and physicians who can not make a comfortable living by their practice (and hence they are often tempted to do so by their practices), there is a certain number who acquire fame and fortune. Brains and persistent work nearly always insure comfort in either of these callings. Every young man who enters them sees that his future depends largely on his own ability and work. There are thousands of physicians whose practice is worth from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year in our large cities. There are a great many lawyers who enjoy similar incomes. Here is a possibility of future comfort to induce a young man to endure all the privations of poverty as a student. There is no beneficiary aid necessary to help needy students to induce them to enter a profession in which there are such possibilities in the future for a man of ability and energy. (And where is the young student who does not discover in himself both these conditions of success?)

Now, we doubt whether there is a minister in the Reformed Church who receives \$2,500 per year salary, no matter what his ability may be. Not one of our best known and most scholarly men of the Church has ever received an income from the Church of \$3,000 per year. There are men in the Reformed Church laboring for \$1,000 and 1,500, who, either in the Law or in Medicine, would have a very handsome income. The majority of our young ministers receive from \$500 to \$700 per year. This, in most instances, does not include a parsonage, and their work is such that many of them must keep a horse and buggy.

In the Law, or in Medicine, men generally receive a remuneration according to their ability and work. Merit is recognized and rewarded. There are, of course,

exceptions to this rule. But in the Reformed Church it happens very frequently that the man of very ordinary ability and worth receives better remuneration than the gifted, scholarly young man. The writer could name a number of very able young pastors who receive less than \$1,000 per year, who could earn three times this amount in other professions; whilst he knows a certain other number of pastors whose talents would not secure them a livelihood in either of the other learned professions, but who likewise receive from \$800 to \$1,000 per year.

What is there in the way of worldly comfort to induce a young man to become a minister of the Reformed Church? If he is a man of no brains, the Church does not want him. If he is a promising young man, shall he sacrifice comfort for the remainder of his life and work for \$500 or \$700 per year, whilst he might easily earn \$2,000 or \$3,000 in another calling? More than this: he has a wife and child to support. Shall he sacrifice their comfort, and even the education of his children, by entering a calling where this is needlessly demanded of him? These are staggering questions. It is idle to pretend that young men do not ask them in their own hearts. It is folly to assume that a thoughtful young man enters any calling without a thought of "to-morrow."

It is a common remark that a young man should never ask the question as to any worldly comfort, if he feels that he is naturally fitted for and is called to the ministry. He should not think of anything but the whole work of doing good. The ministry is not a calling in which men ought to seek any temporal gain. In support of this sentiment we are in the habit of citing the cases of Jesus Himself and the apostles. They preached the Gospel without any thought of what they should eat and drink, Paul even supporting himself with the labor of his own hands. We further clinch the logic of this argument with the remark, that it is better if the minister is not burdened with the care of worldly goods, assuming that piety and poverty generally go together, and forgetting that it requires far less worldly care to manage an estate of \$20,000 than to make ends meet in supporting a family on \$500 or \$600 a year.

Now there is a very important truth as well as a very radical error underlying these remarks. It is true that no man ought to seek the office of the ministry from considerations of worldly gain. His work is to save souls, to help sinful men to lead better and nobler lives. It would be very unfortunate for our Church if young men should enter its pulpits from mercenary motives. As compared with such a state of affairs, the present scarcity of ministers is a blessing. Far better have empty pulpits than have them filled with unworthy, gold-seeking men. It is likewise true that a young man who feels himself called to this sacred office, should be willing to make all necessary sacrifices to fulfill its duties. He must be ready to deny himself, if need be, all worldly comfort; he must even be ready to sacrifice the comfort of his wife and children in order to save men from sin. If he is sent as a missionary to the heathens he must be willing to endure all necessary privations. The minister must be willing to make all necessary sacrifices to accomplish his work, just as Christ and the apostles did.

Whilst all this is forcibly true, it is a most pernicious and radical error to assume, that, because a missionary in a heathen country is bound to sacrifice all comfort in the interests of the Gospel, a pastor of a large charge, made up of wealthy, or at least well-to-do, members, must do likewise; that because Christ and the apostles suffered privations to preach the Gospel to poor heathens the pastor of our age ought to endure similar privations to preach the Gospel to rich Christians. Because it is right to give alms to the poor does not prove that there is any virtue in giving alms to the rich. A man may find it his duty to lay down his life for others, but to lay down his life unnecessarily, is criminal suicide. What is a virtue in the one case is a crime in the other. To make necessary sacrifices, to endure necessary privations is



praiseworthy, but there is no virtue whatever in making sacrifices when not necessary.

Now what keeps young men out of the ministry of the Reformed Church, is not the fact that they see that they will be required to make sacrifices, but because they see that they will be required to do so where it is altogether uncalculated for. They see that able and faithful pastors are obliged to work hard in wealthy charges for salaries so small that they can neither have the comforts they ought to have, nor find it possible to educate their children. They must sacrifice the interests of their children in order to save wealthy church members the necessity of paying their due share of support to the Gospel. It is this that stares young men in the face when they think of choosing the ministry as their life work. They are ready to enter the ministry and make all necessary sacrifices for the salvation of men's souls, but they are not willing to do so for the filling of their purses.

A young man who could have an income in another profession of \$2000 a year and live in comparative comfort, is called on to preach the Gospel to a rich congregation for \$1000. He virtually sacrifices \$1000 a year by entering the ministry. He is called on to make this sacrifice to save other men the necessity of paying what they honestly owe the Church. The pastor of many a charge is obliged to sacrifice more in the interests of the Gospel than the entire charge, consisting, as it often does, of wealthy members. Young men see no virtue in doing this. They see possibilities of doing great good in teaching and in medicine, and consequently choose these callings in preference to the ministry.

In other professions, if a man is not paid according to his work, he leaves it and engages in something else; but this is morally impossible in the case of the minister, and, perhaps, rightly so. After he is ordained it is practically impossible for him ever to leave the ministry and engage in any other calling. We will grant that this is right. See, however, in what position it places the minister. He is poor, can not live without a charge. He is obliged to accept a pastorate almost at any salary to make ends meet, financially. Many a congregation takes advantage of this and obliges him to serve them for the little more than half a salary. Is this honest? What would the Church say if corporations took advantage of poor laborers in such a way? We know of more than one instance where congregations have done this. Is the Reformed Church financially honest towards her pastors, or is she a hard task master that is unjustly exacting? Is she doing her duty towards her ministers? Is she paying them their due in the way of financial support? We are in the habit of emphasizing the duty of ministers towards the Church, and it is right that we should; but has not the time come when the Church should be reminded of her duty towards her ministers? The writer knows a young pastor who served a mission (not in the "far West," nor in India, but only a few miles away from wealthy charges) and received over one hundred a year less than was needed to pay his necessary expenses. Is the Church financially honest as long as she allows (or, rather, compels) men to make such sacrifices? Can her appeals to young men to enter the ministry have any force under these circumstances? There is no reason why a number of wealthy charges should not pay their pastors from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a year. Such salaries would still be small compared with pastors' salaries in several other denominations. Young pastors would be willing to begin on small salaries if they saw any possibility in the future of securing a reasonable degree of comfort for themselves and their families by hard work. But at present there are very few congregations in the Church that pay salaries that insure comfort to a pastor with a family and enable him to educate his children.

We believe that we have given the chief reason why young men hesitate to enter the ministry of our Church. It is not a very pleasant truth to tell. Young men will not openly acknowledge that the reason above given is the true one, because it is thought very reprehensible to entertain such worldly thoughts with regard to the sacred office. But will any one deny that they do in their own hearts "count the cost" before they enter it?

We believe that the only remedy lies in the direction we have already intimated. Let the Church for once do her duty financially toward her pastors, who are worthy of liberal support, and no longer demand unnecessary sacrifices of them, and there will be a sufficient supply of active, able and scholarly young men to fill her pulpits.

This article is not written by a pastor, nor in the interest of pastors, but purely in the interest of the Church.

## Family Reading.

### UNHINDERED.

By Mary B. Sleight.

With joyous haste along the busy street,  
Close in the Master's steps Anselmo went;  
But seeing one in need, he stayed his feet,  
And words of cheer with kindly service blent.

"Thanks, brother, for thy help!" the stranger cried;  
May He who loveth love thy soul reward!"  
But searching near and far, Anselmo sighed,  
"Alas! in tarrying I have lost my Lord!"

Yet while he spoke his heart within him burned,  
For, lo! apart, beneath the palm tree's shade,  
The Master, waiting, toward His follower turned  
And gracious answer to his grieving made:

"For know," He said, "not thus shall him-  
durance be;  
For loving deeds but draw thee nearer Me."  
—Advance.

### AN OLD MAN'S GIFT.

"So you're going to be married, girls, are you?" said Uncle Nathan.

A little, silver-haired man, with deep wrinkles ploughed in his parchment like forehead, and a suit of bright, old-fashioned blue cloth, gaily garnished with brass buttons, he looked grotesquely unlike the surroundings of that elegant suite of drawing rooms in which he sat, like the Fairy Godfather in an enchanted palace.

The crimson carpets, the sunshiny sifting through draperies of gold colored satin until the marble statuettes and carved vases seemed to be steeped in a molten atmosphere—the faint scent of flower baskets placed here and there, made it an apartment worthy of the handsomest brown-stone palace in New York; and Uncle Nathan marveled within himself, as he looked around it, as to whether his brother Matthew had found a mine of gold since he first came to make his fortune in the great city.

Uncle Nathan, the reader will perceive, was but a simple old farmer, and knew nothing of the hooks and crooks by which the city people contrive to make a very showy appearance upon very small capital.

Eunice Dalton, his eldest niece, a tall, lovely brunette, with eyes and hair dark enough for a gypsy, sat opposite on a low chair, her fingers toying idly with the golden chain that hung round her neck; while Nina, the youngest sister, was nestling close to Uncle Nathan's side, with her golden curls almost touching his weather-beaten cheek and her blue eyes fixed, with a sort of innocent, childish wonder, on his face.

"Yes, Uncle Nathan," said Nina, "we are really going to be married—Eunice and I. It is to be a double wedding. Will you come to it?"

Uncle Nathan lifted his keen gray eyes to Eunice's face. She neither spoke nor looked up. Evidently she had no intention of confirming her sister's cordially-given invitation.

"No, child, no," said the old man, evidently a little disappointed. "I'd cut a poor figure at your grand weddings. Only I hope you've chosen well."

"There can be no doubt at all about that," said Eunice, haughtily. "I am to marry Mr. Lesderner, a broker, and Nina is engaged to Mr. Falconer, a gentleman of independent wealth."

"Riches have wings, my child," said the old man, quietly. "Never forget that."

"What makes you talk so disagreeably?" said Eunice, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"And I s'pose you'll have lots of presents," said Mr. Dalton. "Silver and gold and china fol-de-rols, and goodness knows what all. Well, well, I wish I had something to send you that would be of use in your grand way of living."

"Your good wishes will be all-sufficient, Uncle Nathan," said Eunice, rather stiffly.

"But I'll tell you," said the old man, with a brightening face, "what I have got. Your Aunt Rebecca's receipt books—that's my wife, dead and gone these ten years—and there ain't a better lot o' receipts not in the whole State o' Connecticut. She copied 'em all out with her own hands, aye, and tried every one of 'em, too, so she knowed they was all good. There ain't no such way o' bakin' pork and beans as she knowed of, and the real 'lection cake receipt is there, and three or four different sorts o' ruffle and bleedin' powders, and directions for makin' root beer, and the dear knows what else. You'd like that, gals, wouldn't ye?"

Eunice broke out into a peal of laughter, heedless of the hurt look which gradually crept over the face of the old man, but Nina pressed her lips to his wrinkled brow and stroked his hand softly in hers.

"It's very kind of you to think of it, uncle, I'm sure," said Nina, "and whatever you send we shall accept gratefully. Here comes papa now to take you up to Central Park in the carriage, so let me run and get your hat."

Uncle Nathan did not prolong his visit to the city beyond a day or two.

"It's such a hubbub, and so much elbowin' and crowdin' that I can't stand it," was his frank confession. "Once let me get out to Chickoray Falls, and sit on my porch, with nobody but the frogs and

katydid to disturb me, and I'll be myself again."

"I am glad he's gone," was Eunice's comment, as she brushed her curls around a rosewood stick, preparatory to the evening soiree for which she was dressing. "Why, Eunice, how can you talk so?" said innocent little Nina. "I think he's ever so nice and kind."

"Very kind," observed Eunice, sarcastically, "with his horrid, rusty old receipt books! I declare, Nin, I thought I should have laughed myself to death."

"He meant it all in kindness, Eunice." "I dare say, but I wish he would keep his kindness until it is called for," said the elder sister.

"He wished me to visit Chickoray Falls on my wedding tour and I shall accept his invitation," said Nina earnestly. "I should so like to see the dear old farmhouse where papa was born!"

The warm-hearted young girl's plans however, were destined never to be carried into execution. But a few days had elapsed when tidings came of the sudden death of the kind old man.

"It's very strange," said Matthew Dalton, discontentedly, when the legal statement of his brother's monetary affairs was laid before him. "I thought Nathan was worth more money than that!"

"We can't always judge by appearances, sir, you know," said the lawyer.

"No," said Mr. Dalton, coloring, and looking somewhat uneasy, "you are quite right there!"

Two little leather-bound receipt books, worn and greasy with age and bearing marks of frequent usage, were found in Nathan Dalton's stained pine desk, labeled respectively with the names of his two nieces, Eunice and Nina. "To be presented to them upon their marriage day."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Eunice, disdainfully. "I don't want the vulgar old things."

"Then," said Nina, softly, "I will keep them both, for Uncle Nathan's sake!"

And, spite of Eunice's sarcasm, she put them carefully away among her treasures.

"Who knows but what I may want to make the real 'lection cake one of these days," she said laughingly.

The double wedding came off grandly at the Dalton mansion, but it proved to be the last glitter of the expiring torch of wealth and fortune. The cake, all glittering with its sugared faeries and pictured orange wreaths—the bridal banquet—the very band which discoursed sweet music to the wedding guests, were obtained on credit, and not one of the luckless tradespeople were paid; for shortly after it Matthew Dalton's total failure was ringing over all the city, and with it was also involved the ultimate ruin of his son-in-law, Herbert Lesderner.

From a suite of elegant apartments at the Windsor Hotel, Mrs. Lesderner descended to a second floor in a respectable tenement-house, id great were her weepings and wailing.

Jerome Falconer struggled bravely against the adverse tide as long as struggles were of avail, but the failure of his father-in-law and brother-in-law induced a withdrawal of confidence, and his temporary embarrassment followed.

"So you've come down in the world, too," said Eunice bitterly, as she seated herself in the peasant little room where Nina was domiciled.

"Up in the wild, rather," laughed the cheery girl, "wh, we are on the third story here, and tell you the truth, Eunice, I like it great deal better than I did the big house Madison Avenue with its hollow-sounding rooms and frescoed walls, and marble-paved halls. To be sure, it isn't so pleasant to be poor, but as long as Jerome is well and in good spirits—"

"Pleasant," patted Eunice: "I sometimes almost wish that I was dead. What are you going to do now?"

For Mrs. Falconer was examining the state of her little range stove with dimpled, housewifely interest.

"What do you think?" she asked archly, by way of response.

"I am sure I haven't the least idea."

"I am going to try my hand at cake-baking. Jerome delights in fresh cake, and Uncle Nathan's receipt-book certainly ought to be used. Don't you want yours?"

"No, indeed; I have no heart for such folly," sighed Eunice.

"Folly! I don't call it folly," laughed Nina. "I don't think Uncle Nathan could have given me a more acceptable gift. Of what use are all my point lace and cashmeres now?"

As she spoke she opened one of the curious little volumes, dark hued, and fastened with a little tongue of discolored leather which slid beneath the strap of the same.

"What a queer little book," she said, "and what an odd pocket at the end, stuffed full of newspapers. Why, they're not newspapers at all—they're—look, Eunice, they are folded bank notes."

They were. The end pocket or compartment was filled with packets, each wrapped in a slip of newspaper containing some single receipt for cake, jelly or marmalade, and tied round with a bit of waxed linen thread.

Uncle Nathan's quaint fancy had taken that peculiar turn, and each worn little receipt book contained \$5000 in one hundred dollar bills.

"Eunice," cried Nina, when the two sisters had recovered in some degree from their astonishment, "here is your companion book, Uncle Nathan's wedding gift, and how inestimably valued just at present! Oh, if I could only see the dear old man once more, to kiss him and thank him as he deserves!"

And Nina burst into tears, which flowed from very mingled sources.

A little while ago \$5,000 would have seemed but a trifle in the aggregate of their expenses, now it was comparative wealth—the foundation, as it were, of a new fortune. The old man could scarcely have taken a more secure method of "keeping his memory green" in the hearts of his two nieces.

Years afterward, when Eunice and Nina were once more restored, through the instrumentality of Uncle Nathan's oddly given presents, to competence, if not to wealth, the worn old receipt books occupied positions of honor on the rosewood shelves of their library bookcases. They both have learned not to despise the day of small things, nor to look a gift horse in the mouth. —Sel.

### THIS ONE THING.

All profitable, successful lines of business are special lines; so, if we would be earnest servants of God, we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness, and putting on the armor of light.

Two Scotchmen in the north of Scotland went fishing one day, and, as men sometimes do there, as well as here, got drunk. When it was time to go home one of them cast off the head-line, and they got into the boat, took the oars, and began to pull toward home, as they supposed. After some time was thus spent, one said: "Sandie, it is not time we were home?" The other agreed with him, and they redoubled their efforts, but without making any progress. At last morning dawned, and the effects of the whiskey passed off, and they found that while casting off the head-line they had forgotten the stern-line, and were fast to the shore, while they thought they were homeward bound.

So it often is with Christians: we cast off the head-line and wonder we do not make faster progress, when all the time the stern-line is holding us fast to the shore. That stern-line interferes with us wonderfully. We are fast somewhere, and we can't go where the Spirit leads us. Some compromise with the world, some thread—a sicken one, perhaps—some church, something holds us back, and till we cut loose from everything we are shore-bound.—Geo. F. Pentecost.

### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The Lord of the harvest walked forth one day.

Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,

Where those He had sent in the early morn,  
Were reaping the grain in the noon-day heat,  
He had chosen a place for each faithful one,  
And bidden them work till the day was done.

Apart from the others; with troubled voice,

Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain:  
"The Master has given no work to me,  
And my coming hither has been in vain:

The reapers with gladness and song will come,  
But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest home."

He heard the complaint, and He called her name:  
"Dear child, why standest thou idle here?

Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream,  
And bring it those who are toiling near;

I will bless thy labor, and it shall be  
Kept in remembrance as done for me."

'Twas a little service, but grateful hearts

Thanked God for the water so cool and clear;  
And some who were fainting with thirst and heat  
Went forth with new strength to the work so dear;

And many a weary soul looked up,  
Revived and cheered by the little cup.

Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart  
On those who were reaping the golden grain;

I have thought in Thy work I had no part,  
And mourned that my life was lived in vain;

But now Thou hast opened my eyes to see  
That Thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labor of love be mine—

To gladden the heart of some toiling saint;  
To whisper some words that will cheer the weak;  
To do something to comfort the worn and faint—

Though small be the service, I will not grieve,  
Content just a cup of cold water to give.

And when the Lord of the harvest shall come,  
And the laborers home from the field shall call,

He will not look for my gathered sheaves;  
But His loving words on my ears will fall:

"Thou gavest a cup of cold water to Me,  
A heavenly home thy reward shall be."

—The Christian Worker.

### ALWAYS LATE.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly. And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements. They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning, and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at their appointments with others. Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so are generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too

late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were with all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to, others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.—Exchange.

### USELESS PERPLEXITIES.

Moralists relate the following story: In the days of knight-errantry, when individual adventurers rode about the world, seeking employment in their profession, which was that of the sword, two strong and warlike knights, coming from opposite directions, met each other at a place where a statue was erected. On the arm of the statue was a shield, one side of which was of iron, the other of brass, and as our two heroes reined up their steeds the statue was upon the side of the road between them, in such a manner that the shield presented its surface of brass to the one, and of iron to the other. They immediately fell into conversation in regard to the structure before them, when one, incidentally alluding to the iron shield, the other corrected him by remarking that it was of brass. The knight upon the iron side, of course did not receive the correction; he maintained that he, himself was right; and after carrying on the controversy a short time by harsh language, the disputants gradually grew angry, and soon drew their swords. A long and furious combat ensued; and when at last both were exhausted, unhorsed and lying upon the ground, they found that the whole cause of their trouble was that they could not see both sides of a shield at a time.

Now, religious truth is sometimes such a shield, with various aspects, and the human mind cannot clearly see all at a time. Two Christian knights, clad in strong armor, come up to some such subject as moral agency, and view it from opposite stations. One looks at the power which man has over his heart, and, laying his foundation there, he builds up his theory upon that alone. Another looks upon the divine power in the human heart, and, laying his own separate foundation, builds up his theory. The human mind is incapable, in fact, of grasping the subject—of understanding how man can be free and accountable, and yet be so much under the control of God as the Bible represents. Our Christian soldiers, however, do not consider this. Each takes his own view, and carries it out so far as to interfere with that of the other. They converse about it—they talk more and more warmly—then a long controversy ensues, and if they have influence over others their dispute agitates the Church, and divides brethren from brethren. And why? Why, just because our Creator has so formed us that we can not, from one point of view, see both sides of the shield at the same time. The combatants, after a long battle, are both unhorsed and wounded; their usefulness and their Christian character is injured or destroyed.

Now, what is the true course for us to take in regard to such a subject? Simply this: Look at our dependence on God for a change of heart, and for the exercise of right feeling, just as the Bible presents this subject, and go cordially and fully just as far as the Bible goes, which is a great way. Fix in your heart that feeling of dependence and humility which this view is calculated to give. Then look at the other aspect of this subject, the active power of man, and go here just as far as the Bible goes, and carefully learn the lesson of diligence which it teaches. Suppose you cannot find where the two come together; be willing to remain ignorant of a theory which God has not revealed.—Rev. Jacob Abbott.

### Useful Hints and Recipes.

**STOVE POLISH.**—If you would have your stove shine, wet the polish with strong soap-suds or coffee, and add a pinch of sugar or a few drops of molasses.

**PRESSED CHICKEN.**—If you want a nice dish for lunch, roast a chicken until it is very tender. Then strip the meat off the bones and mix with the stuffing; press in a dish, let it stand until cold, then cut in slices.

**RICE CROQUETTES.**—Wash and boil one pound of rice until soft, sweeten with white sugar and flavor with nutmeg; when cold form in long rolls, dip them in beaten egg, roll in cracker dust, lay them in boiling butter, and fry brown. Serve hot.

Every housewife should have a jar exclusively set apart in which to keep cream. It should not be allowed to remain any length of time in a jar which has previously contained vinegar, apple butter, pickles, etc., unless it has undergone a thorough washing and airing.

**WHORTLEBERRY PUDDING.**—One cup molasses, two cups flour, three cups whortleberries, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one half teaspoonful soda. Sift the cream tartar in the flour, and the soda thoroughly into the molasses. Bake in a buttered pan in a quick oven. Serve at once.

**FLOATING ISLAND.**—Put into a skillet one pint sweet milk; allow it to heat while beating the whites of four eggs; when stiff slide them into the milk; let them warm, turn over with a spoon in pieces; dip out and stir carefully into the milk the yelks of the eggs with four teaspoonfuls sugar and any flavoring you like. Beat well together. Do not boil but thicken. When cool pour into a large glass dish, then put on the whites, sprinkle with white sugar, and you have a pretty, dainty dish.



## Youth's Department.

## NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew  
Which trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but exhaled to fall anew  
In summer's thunder-shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed  
By wild birds borne or breeze blown  
Finds something suited to its need  
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.  
The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense, belong  
To memory's after-hour.

So with our words: or harsh or kind,  
Uttered, they are not all forgot;  
They have their influence on the mind,  
Pass on, but perish not.  
So with our deeds: for good or ill,  
They have their power scarce understood;  
Then let us use our better will  
To make them better with good!

—Ex.

## SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

The other day a hoop on a wash-tub cracked in two, and I was asked to have the tub sent to the cooper shop for repairs. To do that I must pay an expressman twenty-five cents to take it over, the same to return it some day, and twenty cents to the cooper to mend it. That would figure seventy cents, while the tub only cost sixty cents when new. The cooper might repair it at once, or let it be kicking around for a week. It would be cheaper to buy a new one, but still cheaper to fix the old one myself. How did I do it? Well, three or four weeks ago I picked up an iron tub-hoop in the alley and laid it away. It now came into play. I took off a piece about two inches long and drilled a hole in either end. Then I drilled holes in the broken hoop to match. When the holes were ready I brought the ends on the hoop together, laid on the splice, and with two soft rivets and the help of a hammer and a small anvil, I had a hoop as good as new, and had made the repairs at a cost of not over one cent. I use this incident as a preface for urging every father to supply his boys with a workshop and a few handy tools. Room can be found in the house or barn and a little money will put a boy in the way of becoming a handy man. In my workshop I have two hand-saws, a hammer, two chisels, a small anvil, a large and small vice, a jack-plane and a smoother, a miter-box, mallet, gimlets, screw-driver, brace and several bits, nail-set, try square, drills, rule and awls. With these tools you can do almost any job required about the house. There may be one boy out of fifty who doesn't care to "putter" with tools, but the other forty-nine do, and there is more in it than appears at first sight.

I was in a locksmith's the other day when a gentleman drove up in a carriage and said: "I want this sewing awl sharpened. My man uses it about the barn, and I've been trying for the last two weeks to bring it down." He was a rich man, but what of it? Hadn't he brains enough to pick up a file, or rub that awl to a point on a whetstone? If his time was worth anything, he spent \$2 worth, and paid fifteen cents for what he could have done himself in thirty seconds. The handy boy is going to make the handy man, and the handy man is going to save himself many dollars and many vexatious delays by being able to handle different tools.

In pulling the table around a castor comes off. Are you going to send it to the shop or get a carpenter to come up? If you are not a handy man you will have to; if you have a screw driver and two or three screws about you, you can fix it in five minutes. A door sags and shuts hard. Let it go for a while and you'll break the lock and have the knobs off. If you are not a handy man, you'll go from two to six blocks out of your way to a carpenter shop. A workman will come up that day, or that day week. He'll lift the door off its hinges, run the plane over the sagging end a few times, and your bill is seventy-five cents. Ten minutes of your own time would have accomplished the work. A door-lock refuses to work. Something is the matter with the bolt. You are not a handy man and so you have no tools to remove the lock and take it to the smith as you go down. You must have him come up. The lock is fixed, and your bill is at least fifty cents. Now the wire spring has slipped out of place or got bent by a jar. A handy man would have fixed it with no other help than a screw-driver.

When you have your workshop take

care of your tools. In that you can learn the value of order and time. Have a place for every tool and keep it there when not in use. Have every article where you can find it at midnight without a light. If the handle of your hammer becomes loosened, don't drop the whole thing into a pail of water to swell the wood. Don't drive nails into the end to fill up the eye. Knock the handle out, split the end which goes into the eye, and when you have replaced it drive a wedge into the slit. If one of your bits should get dull, place it in the vise, point up, and study the idea which the inventor had. You will see how much like a knife blade the cutters are, and just where to draw your file to restore the lost edge. Three drills, taking different sizes, are all you need. If the ear comes off the pail, tub or coal scuttle you can replace it by drilling a new hole and using a soft rivet. With a screw-driver and hammer you can put one of the patent fasteners on a garden hose in two minutes. You will find a glue-pot an indispensable article in your workshop. Wherever you are making a joint that is not to be exposed to the weather, glue will hold almost like nails. After awhile get a pair of tinner's hand shears. They not only come handy to cut all sizes of wire, but you can peel off the end of a joint of stovepipe like paring an apple, work over a piece of old eave-trough, or make use of tin cans kicking about.

I would add to your workshop a tinner's soldering-iron, a bar of solder, a penny's worth of rosin, and a bottle of muriatic acid. I'll venture to say that in nine houses out of ten there's a job awaiting the tinker. There's a leak in the wash-boiler, in some of the pans, the wash-dish, the dipper or some other much-used article. This leak bothers and annoys, but to get it mended you must carry the article a mile and back. I should simply take the leaky dish and scrape the tin around the leak. This is to remove the grease. Your acid is in a bottle, and you put it on with a brush made of a stick and a rag. Your iron is heated in the stove or range, and when you have wiped it off touch your bar of solder and pass the iron over the leak. In thirty seconds you have saved yourself a visit to the tinner. In soldering on new tin use powdered rosin in place of the acid. If your iron gets overheated and won't take the solder, let it cool until you can almost hold it in your fingers. Then rub it smartly with a file, and after that burnish it with your bar of solder. In mending a leak in a lead pipe use the rosin, and look out that your iron is not hot enough to melt the lead.

Besides the saving of time and money in being handy, you have a quiet satisfaction in having accomplished this or that. In handling a rule you get a quick eye for distances. In using bit or drill you must exercise care and exactness. Your eye says that the end of a board is square; your try-square shows how easy it is to be deceived. With a sewing awl and a couple of needles you can repair almost any break in a harness. Five cents' worth of material in your glue-pot will cure all the lame chairs in the neighborhood. A miter box enables you to make a joint which the best carpenter dare not try with his eyes for a guide, and gives you a chance to use moulding and fancy pieces. I don't want to see the plumber and locksmith and carpenter and tinner shut up shop for want of patronage, but I believe that the handy man is a blessing to a whole neighborhood. He can supply a missing bolt for a boy's velocipede, adjust a sewing-machine needle, lance a felon, sharpen a knife, mend a pan, put in a window light, make a bench, glue in a chair leg, fix a spring for a screen door, doctor a lock, hang an ax, adjust a lawn mower, mend a toy, make a box and feel dependent upon nobody's convenience or caprice.—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

## "E INSTEAD OF I."

A large class of scholars in a country school were standing up to spell. A hard word was missed by the scholar at the head of the class, and passed to the next, and the next, and so through the class, until the last scholar, a little fellow spelled the word and went "up to the head," passing above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

The teacher then turned around and wrote the word on the blackboard, and that all might see it and remember how to spell it.

No sooner had she written the word out, than the little boy at the head exclaimed: "Oh, I didn't say it *is*, Miss W.—I said *e* instead of *i*," and he walked to the foot of the class again, quicker than he

went to the head. That was an honest boy, who would not take the credit that did not belong to him. How much more honorable he was, and how much happier he felt at the foot of the class, than he would at the head when he knew he did not belong there!

An *e* instead of an *i* does not seem to be much; but honesty instead of trickery, and truth instead of falsehood, is a great deal, either in a boy or in a man.

If a boy ever hopes to amount to anything in this world or the next he must be honest and open, fair and square, and keep clear all sorts of little, mean, deceptive tricks. Such boys are loved and honored, and not only gladden their parents' hearts, but come to fill the places of noble and honorable men.—*H. L. H. in the Christian.*

## THE GARDEN BIRD.

In New Guinea there is a bird which not only builds a house, but has a garden too. He is known by the name of garden bird. This is a strange habit for a bird, is it not? Perhaps our little ones would be pleased to know how the bird, house and garden look.

When he is going to build, the garden bird first looks for a level spot of ground, which has a shrub in the centre. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss. Way he does this, I cannot tell you. No doubt he thinks it looks fine. Next he brings some long twigs from other plants. These he sticks into the ground, so that they lean against his shrub. On one side he leaves a place open for a door. The twigs keep on growing, so that his little cabin is like a bower. Last of all, in front of the door, this dainty bird makes a pretty lawn of moss. He carefully picks out every pebble and bit of straw. Then, upon this lawn, he scatters purple berries and pink flowers. As often as the flowers wilt he takes them away, and brings fresh ones.

Now this is quite a large house and garden for a bird. The little cabin is sometimes three feet wide, and half as high. There is plenty room in it for two or three families, if need be; and the garden is larger than the house. So busy and tasty a bird as the garden bird ought to be a good example to idle children. The people of New Guinea think so much of him that they never molest his little dwelling.

You may like to know how this bird gardener is dressed. In modest colors, you may be sure. The top of his head, his head, his wings and tail are olive-brown, and beneath he is greenish red. He is about as large as a thrush or black-bird.—*Our Little Ones.*

## COLOR SENSE IN INSECTS.

We have the certain fact that bees, at least, and probably other insects, do distinguish and remember colors. Not only so, but their tendency to follow color has been strong enough to produce all the beautiful blossoms of our fields and gardens. Moreover, we have seen that while bees, which are flower-hunters, are guided greatly by color, wasps, which are omnivorous, are guided to a less extent, and ants, which are miscellaneous feeders, not at all. It may be objected that insects do not care for the color apart from the amount of honey, but Mr. Anderson noticed that when the corollas of certain flowers had been cut away, the insects never discovered or visited the flowers; and Mr. Darwin lopped off the big lower petals of several lobelia blossoms, and found that the bees never noticed them, though they constantly visited the neighboring flowers. On the other hand, many bright colored bells have no honey, but merely make a great show for nothing, and so deceive insects into paying them a call on the delusive expectation that they will be asked to stop to dinner. Some very unprincipled flowers, like the huge *Sumatran rafflesia*, thus take in the carrion flies, by resembling in smell and appearance a piece of decaying meat. Moreover, certain insects show a preference for special flowers over others. One may watch for hours the visits paid by a bee or a butterfly to several dozens of one flower, say a purple lamium, in succession, passing by unnoticed the white or yellow blossoms which intervene between them. Fritz Muller mentions an interesting case of a lantana, which is yellow on the first day, orange on the second, and purple on the third: "This plant," he says, "is visited by various butterflies. As far as I have seen, the purple blossoms are never touched. Some species inserted their proboscis both into the yellow flowers of the first day and the orange flowers of the second day." Mr. T. D. Lilly, an American naturalist, ob-

served that the colored petunias and morning glories in his garden were torn to pieces by the bees and butterflies in getting at the honey, while the white or pale ones were never visited. These are only a few sample cases out of hundreds, in which various observers have noted the preference shown by insects for blossoms of a special color.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## A WAY TO GROW WISE.

After reading a book, or an article, or any item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labelled, has its own particular place, and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.—*Exchange.*

## SWEET PEAS.

Oh, what is the use of such pretty wings  
If one never, never can fly?  
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine  
In the delicate morning sky,  
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep  
Down in their vases so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;  
The humming bird soars away;  
The butterfly blows like the leaf of a rose,  
Off, off in the sunshine gay;  
While you peep over the garden wall,  
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company  
Of the balsams so dull and proud?  
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,  
And the spider-worm wrapped in a cloud?  
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,  
And crowds of gay gossip to visit you?

How you flutter, and reach, and climb!  
How eager your wee faces are!  
Aye, turned to the light till the blind old night  
Is led to the world by a star.  
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,  
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,  
Who is preaching up in a tree;  
"Though you never may fly while the world  
goes by,  
Take heart, little flowers," says he;  
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire  
Comes something better than their desire!"  
—*Susan H. Swett, in St. Nicholas.*

## A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The most astonishing thing I ever heard of in the way of a timepiece is a clock described by a Hindu rajah as belonging to a native princess of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of her luxurious palace.

In front of the clock's disk was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion.

Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out of the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a small mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another, each his blow, making

twelve in all, and then fell to pieces again.  
—*St. Nicholas.*

## THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Did you ever hear of the awful calamity that came to the City of Lisbon in November, 1755? It was a sweet autumnal day. Very suddenly was heard a sound as of rumbling thunder. In a single moment came a fearful upheaval, and churches and houses were overthrown, burying in their ruins thirty thousand human beings. The groans of the dying were indeed heart-rending, as they writhed in agony under the weight of fallen stones and walls. Sir Henry Falkland was lying in the ruins of a house, but was rescued by the heroism of his beautiful servant girl. Afterwards he married her, and she became Lady Agnes Falkland. The earthquake lasted only about three minutes. The church services were being held at the time, and so very many were entombed in the ruins of the churches. The calamity was not confined to the city—and so in all sixty thousand perished. The Setubal seaport disappeared entirely. Even old ocean heaved terribly, and noble ships were swallowed up. The mountains of Portugal quaked. Some of them broke asunder, and many volcanoes in southern Europe again opened their fires. It was a fearful visitation, truly, but "My ways are not as your ways, nor My thoughts as your thoughts."—*The Pansy.*

## GREAT SALT LAKE.

The fame of this large body of "noxious and extremely salt" water penetrated southward to the early Spanish explorers, and the French from the Northwest got near enough to it a century ago to hear of its magnitude and peculiarities. It is put down, therefore, in maps made toward the end of the last century as much by guess as maps of twenty years ago contained the lakes of Central Africa in problematic positions. When the trappers of the fur companies began to over-run the Rocky Mountains, Utah was invaded, and the beautiful valleys of the northern Wahsatch became favorite wintering places. From any of these peaks the lake would be visible, but it is not known that before 1825 any white man had reached its shore. It was not until Captain Bonneville had come back from oblivion to the eyes of a surprised world, and Washington Irving had written his travels, in 1837, that we knew anything definitely about this inland salt sea, and could place it on a map correctly. It is a great pity that the good and proper name Lake Bonneville has been lost in the prosaic name it now bears, and will probably forever retain; but a just attempt to restore it has been made by Major Powell's survey. The present lake is only a remnant of a more ancient and larger body of water, whose bounds can now be easily traced in the horizontal benches along the base of the mountains.

## Pleasantries.

An obituary notice contains the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

The patent fish-pole, with self-register attachment, showing the exact number of fish caught with it, displays great inventive skill; but it doesn't sell worth a cent.

A retired base-ballist, of some literary skill, was asked to write an epitaph for a man who had just died, after marrying his third wife. The ex-batter produced the following terse but expressive sentiment: "Out on third."

Scene—Table d'hôte at fashionable hotel on Dueside: big market day. Farmer of the old school has died. Waiter: "Finished, sir?" Farmer: "Fat's the charge?" Waiter: "Five shillings, please." Farmer (startled): "Five shillings? Well, I'm nae deen yet." Resumes operations actively.

"Charley," said mamma, "you have been a very naughty boy; you have been playing marbles, and you know I told you that you mustn't, for it is gambling, and gambling is very wicked. Now, I hope you will never gamble again." Charley promised that he wouldn't, and his mamma was so delighted that she took him to the parish Fair and gave him the money to take chances in almost everything there. Some parents are just as inconsistent as this.—*New Jersey Mirror.*



## THE MESSENGER.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

REV. D. B. LADY,  
REV. C. S. GERHARD,  
REV. J. S. KIEFFER, D.D.,  
SYNDICAL EDITORS.

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WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884.

Dr. Apple and Elder G. W. Hensel landed in New York on the 7th inst. and passed through to Lancaster on Monday, where they doubtless met with a hearty welcome. The letter from Dr. A. published in our columns this week, reached us only on Saturday. It will be enjoyed by our readers.

## HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

Our esteemed co-editor, Dr. J. Spangler Kieffer recently spoke very favorably in his interesting letters to the MESSENGER, of the "Hampton Institute" which he and other brethren visited during their vacation on the Virginia coast. This school like the one at Chautauqua, to which we called attention last week, is new and typical, but it is attracting far more attention and perhaps from a different class of men. It has for its object not the speedy equipment of young Anglo-Saxons for the Christian ministry or for the alert pursuit of science with a view to their immediate success in life. It has brought together not only illiterate whites but Negroes and Indians, and is helping to solve the problem not only of their education, but of their Christianization. On this account the most prominent educators of the land, and especially those concerned about grave questions of social science, are taking great interest in it, while Christians who are anxious for the success of the Gospel are most pleased with the light it is throwing on the work of missions.

One of the peculiarities of the Institute is that along with other things it is teaching the industrial branches which civilization demands, and without which somehow or other, all pagans however educated gravitate back to habits of idleness and vice. These industrial branches are of course only auxiliary to Christianity, but they seem to be, if not a necessity, yet a natural help in bringing men into a higher plane. The Indian boy at Hampton makes shoes for the government to furnish his father as he travels along to civilization.

Independent of the general effects of industry in preventing crime, it is now a recognized fact that the success of Christian missions everywhere has depended largely upon the success of educating men to practical labor. One of the drawbacks of civilizing the Indians has been the difficulty in training them to work. The experiment at Hampton has thrown great light upon the subject and will be of great advantage in Christianizing all the peoples of the earth.

## THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

At this writing Philadelphia is swarming with distinguished men who have come here to attend the sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There is a large delegation from the British Association which lately held a meeting at Montreal, and these savants, together with the native Americans, make the town lively. The only difficulty is that the visitors seem to be so unpretentious that if a man were to go out shooting eminent scientists, he would not know at whom to point his gun.

For this, or more likely for some other reason, each one wears a red badge and is numbered. Thus the men seem to lose their individuality before the public. We do not know Dr. Traill Green's No. but Prof. Thos C Porter is No. 324 and Dr. Lewis H. Steiner is No. 214. It would be pleasant to walk along the street with some of these men if the case were well understood. We have had some experience in knowing people by their numbers rather than by their names, but that has been in institutions to which only those chemists who are caught altering bank notes, go. As it is, out on Chestnut street, we fear that the boys and others might take the scientist to be an extra policeman having his company in charge. Maybe, if each distinguished visitor could wear a cocked hat, and have

his friend bear the pole of a tip-staff the lookers on would be able to take in the situation and know that the ordinary citizen was escorting somebody in particular.

But this aside, the great men have received a hearty welcome, and they well deserve it. They have come from all parts of the world, and are giving the public the benefit of their investigations in learned papers especially prepared. They are divided into sections, and different sessions are held at the same time. Specialists get together in this way, and all the treatises are afterwards published.

## TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

We have often thought of the energy with which some correspondent has jumped up from his chair and expressed a desire to whip somebody when he found a typographical error in an article he had sent to a newspaper. These errors are often ridiculous and always annoying. An editor must have a great deal of philosophy if he can become callous to them for they reflect severely upon his vigilance, and he finds no relief in storming at a proof-reader who may not always be at fault, and who at any rate, is not known to the public. And if one used to being pommelled until his hide ought to be as tough as that of a rhinoceros cannot become used to such blunders, no wonder that an occasional contributor should look upon them as outrages to which no man with any self-respect should submit quietly. He feels worse than he did when his professor at college cut a flowery sentence from his sophomore oration, for here is not only a mutilation of the child of his brain, but a blotch and a deformity put upon its very nose. He cannot believe that any other person's baby has ever been treated as meanly.

In this last regard he is probably mistaken. Typographical errors are much more frequent than he supposes them to be, but they are oftenest passed by unnoticed except by those interested in the articles in which they occur. Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, to which we are indebted for some facts on this subject, but from whom we must quote from memory, wonders whether an immaculate edition of any book has ever been found. He knows of none, although he cites instances in which attempts have been made to attain to this "glorious singularity." This he says is not strange when the facts are considered. A calculation made by a printer of Stephen's edition of Shakespeare shows that every octavo page of the work contains 5,680 distinct pieces of metal, which in a sheet amounts to 42,880—the misplacing of any one of which would inevitably cause a blunder. When this is taken into account the comparative accuracy of printing ought to be admired and *Errata* more freely pardoned.

Still the effort has been made in the different ages of the world to account for the errors of the press, and some queer theories have been given. A pious monk in 1561 published a thin octavo of 172 pages on "The Anatomy of the Mass" and found it necessary to accompany it with an errata of 15 pages. He attributed the mistakes to the Devil who wanted to ruin his work. We should think his Satanic majesty would have best accomplished his ends by letting such a work go, but there has been a general disposition to blame him with interfering with these things. Secular editors have been known to elevate their profanity over mishaps of the kind in a way that left no doubt as to their belief of his agency. And there is doubtless some philosophic ground for this which we cannot discuss now. Certain it is, that typographical errors like other evils come periodically and in groups. Thirty years ago a number of teachers were boarding at the same house in Baltimore. In the evenings there was a kind of experience meeting, and it was found that when the boys were bad in one school they were bad all over the city. The mischief seemed to be atmospheric, as if the price of the power of the air was at work in some mysterious way. Our observation has taught us that the same remark is true in regard to the minor annoyances of journalism. If errors appear in one paper, it is an indication that they are about to prevail in all. And it seems as if the very fore-warning that puts men on their guard is destined to make their defeats all the more irritating. Composers and proof readers will attest that their oversights are often the outcome of especial care.

Some of the most notorious typographical errors have occurred in printing the Scriptures. One edition that came from the Clarendon press is well known as the

*Vinegar Bible*, that word having been substituted for *Vineyard* in our Saviour's parable. Another was called the *Wicked Bible* because it omitted the negation in the commandment against adultery.

Of course every effort has been made to guard against such errors. Sextus V., carefully superintended every sheet of a copy of the Vulgate, and prefixed a bull to the first volume excommunicating all printers who would make the least alteration. When the work was done it swarmed with *errata*. There was an attempt made to correct the work by pasting paper over the blunders, and finally the copies were called in and great efforts were put forth to suppress them because they enabled the "heretics" to laugh at the demonstration of "Papal infallibility." Other editions of the Bible, have been rendered equally conspicuous by errors not less glaring.

There have been great improvements in this matter, as in every thing else. Care and practice have raised up experts who are showing great proficiency in proof-reading, but it is useless to hope that fallible men will ever be placed beyond the liability to errors in a work that presents so many chances against them. The late Mr. John Fagan, the venerable stereotyper of this city, once told the writer that one million copies of Cobb's Spelling Book were printed from plates in which there was a mistake in the spelling of the first word on the first page, and that this was noticed only when the plates were worn out and new ones were required. A special effort made in late years to give the world a faultless specimen of typography proved a failure.

There is a natural disposition to find comfort in the idea that perfection is not to be expected, and that others have made mistakes as bad as any of our own. Some time ago we were twitted because where we wished to say that an illustrious person kept a *diary*, the types made us say she kept a *dairy*. We found that the mistake was copied into other papers—evidently unnoticed by those most used to watching for errors. And when we saw that during that same week a contemporary had spoken of Dr. Prime as the *jeuist*, instead of the *genial*, editor of the *New York Observer*; that as careful a paper as the *Philadelphia Ledger* had given the name of the editor of the *Lutheran Observer* as Dr. Coward, instead of Dr. Conrad; that a young priest had been called *bik* by his bishop on a journey because the types made him say, he admired the *dames* of the Eternal City, when he only spoke of the *domes*. We felt that men who had experience in such matters would not be likely to throw stones at us. Still the mistakes of others are no excuse for carelessness or indifference. If perfection is not to be attained, we ought to persist in trying to get as near to it as possible. This we propose to do, hoping that those who think it easy to keep out all errors will some day have an opportunity to "try it on."

It will seen from the acknowledgment of the Treasurer of the Theological Seminary that \$641 30 cents were given to that institution by Rev. A. L. Dechant's charge as a Zwinglian memorial offering. That speaks well for Bro. Dechant and his people.

Two skulls of Cardinal Richelieu have been found, and in order to establish the fact that both are genuine, it is said that one belonged to him when he was a boy, the other when he became a man.

The scientists have given warning through the newspapers to visitors and others not to take valuable watches along with them to the Electrical Exhibition which is attracting so many people to Philadelphia at this time. This is not mainly because there is danger of having the time pieces stolen, but because the great number of dynamos and the generation of strong currents of electricity will polarize them and render them valueless.

At a late meeting of a religious anniversary in Berlin, the Emperor William uttered these words to the assembled pupils: "The foundation and rock to which I and we all must cling is the undebated faith, as this is taught us in the Bible. Do not join that great crowd which either neglects entirely the Bible as the sole source of truth, or, at best, misinterprets it to suit its own ideas. If there is anything that can give security in the present world of action, it is this only foundation, which is laid in Christ Jesus. May this day be a blessed one to all of you, that it may increase in you the knowledge of God, and of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ."

## Foreign Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM DR. APPLE.

PARIS, August 23, 1884.

Dear Dr. Davis:—I wrote you in my last in reference to what I could gather as to the state of the Church in Switzerland. The last Sunday in that country was spent in Berne, the capital. We attended service twice in the Reformed Cathedral: In the morning the vast edifice was full, so much so that it was difficult to secure seats. There must have been over 2000 people present. The sermon was a very able one, on the parable of the lost piece of money. In the afternoon there was a special service, in connection with the ordination of five young men from the Mission House of Basel as foreign missionaries. We went half an hour before the time, and even then found it difficult to secure seats. It was the first time this service was held in Berne, and naturally it called out a great deal of interest. After a very appropriate sermon, several of the young men made addresses, detailing their religious experience, which was interesting enough in its way, but seemed to me to be a little overdone. No doubt they will become excellent missionaries, but I could not help but think how much a few years' experience in the pastoral work would accomplish for them. These services confirmed my impressions as to the earnest interest in the Swiss churches. I believe that rationalism is on the wane, and what power it still possesses, is owing to the real necessity for progress in theology which rationalism very easily appropriates to itself, but which is not really a part of rationalism.

Elder Hennel and I parted from Dr. and Mrs. Bauman at Bale. We had travelled together from London, and the parting was a matter of regret on both sides. We left them to come on to Paris. Our journey across France was accomplished in about nine hours. After Rome and Switzerland, one asks, is there anything more to be seen in Europe? But on arriving at Paris, the answer is, Yes. This city is the most beautiful in Europe, and stands alone in this respect. There is an air of sprightliness about it, a beauty in its architecture, and a halo of worldly glory in its historical buildings and monuments, that render it a city distinguished above all others. Its population are gay and happy, and we have been told that there is not nearly the amount of poverty and misery here that are found in London. What we have seen confirms this. We have passed over its extent and nowhere have we seen what has been described as existing in London, in this respect.

Among the chief objects of interest in Paris are its ancient palaces and monuments. The Louvre stands among the first, with its great galleries of statuary and painting. The Tuilleries are not yet fully restored. The Luxembourg Palace is of equal interest. Among the churches, Notre Dame, the Madeleine, St. Augustine's, and the St. Chapelle are most noted. Then at Versailles one sees a repetition of great splendid palaces. But it may be said of all these, "their glory has departed." The age of princely palaces will not return to France unless the Republic should be overthrown and the monarchy be restored, and that is not likely to be, and even if it should be, monarchs cannot now revel in luxury, often of the most debasing kind, as they used to in centuries gone by. Hence these palaces are somewhat like the monumental tombs in the cemetery, Pere la Chaise, they are only monuments of the departed. The wealth they contain does no good, and their very existence is a sort of irony on the faded glory of the past.

Sainte Chapelle is, perhaps, the prettiest chapel in the world. It was built by St. Louis to contain the crown of thorns, but what there is of that crown has been removed to Notre Dame, and therefore this fine building stands as a mere show. Indeed, one tires of seeing old things in Europe, interesting as much of it is at first. A great deal that has come down only commemorates the shame of the old kings, and had better been destroyed when they died.

We went on Sunday at 12 M. to attend chapel service at the Hotel des Invalides, but that service has been for some time interrupted. Sunday is quite as lively in Paris as any other day. It is said the churches are not well attended, though I cannot speak from observation on this point. I have been told that it is quite otherwise in the country, where the people are pious and the churches are crowded. When one sees how the city is given over to worldly pleasure and vanity, it is no wonder that every once in a while a thunder-cloud bursts upon it, and inflicts terrible punishment. No one knows when the next trial may come. It is said there are 100,000 of the Commune in Paris at present, ready for work whenever the opportunity comes.

That Paris is corrupt is easily seen from the gilded vice that crops out on the surface. To drown care the whole city seems to revel in drink. The drinking of wine is not so bad, the people here drink that as we in America drink tea and coffee; it is the usual beverage at the table. But one sees multitudes along the streets drinking what is said to be *absinthe*, if I have got the name right, which must operate most injuriously on body and soul.

There are not so many visitors here at present from America and England as usual, it is said, on account of the cholera scare, but still one meets them at almost every point. The English very generally go in companies, and sometimes Americans too. Travelling seems to be a distinguishing characteristic of this century, owing mainly, no doubt, to the great facilities afforded for it. The world is coming closer and closer together in one great community, and this great tide of yearly travel is aiding to bring about this consummation. Evils unquestionably attend it. Hundreds of thousands of families are disbanded during a portion of the year, and family life for the time is broken up. But I must bring this rambling letter to a close. On the 30th inst. we set sail for America and our homes. Travellers in Europe generally look forward to the

time of sailing homeward with intense pleasure. May our return voyage be a safe one!

Yours truly, T. G. A.

## THE CONFERENCE AT MARBURG.

BERLIN, August 25.

Dear Dr. Davis:—The Conference of the Reformed Churches of Germany began on last Tuesday evening by a reception at the Saloon of the University Library. There were delegates present from East Friesland, Hanover, Brunswick, Hesse, Hanne, the Rhine Provinces, Nassau, Frankfurt, Wurtemberg and Bavaria; so that the different sections of the church were pretty well represented by one or more delegates. The delegations from Elberfeld and North Germany were especially strong. From other churches were present, the Rev. Dr. H. Dalton, of the Reformed church of St. Petersburg, author of a fine commentary on our Heidelberg Catechism. Rev. Dr. Matthews, secretary of the Reformed Alliance of Belfast, who conveyed the greetings of that Alliance to the Conference, and your correspondent, who was requested by the President of our General Synod, Dr. Bauman, to convey the greetings of our church to the Marburg Conference. Sixty members were present, and about fifty others sent their names, so that over a hundred members are already enrolled in this Alliance of the Reformed churches. Prof. Erhard of Erlangen, and Prof. Achaeus of Marburg, sat as members, and Prof. Kraft of Bonn, sent his greetings and was enrolled.

The following officers were elected:—President, Ober-Consistorialrath Brandes of Göttingen; vice president, Prof. Erhard of Erlangen; secretary, Rev. Dr. Zahn of Stuttgart; assistant secretary, Rev. Mr. Hornemann of Elberfeld; treasurer, Elder Lane of Brunswick; assistant treasurer, Pastor Schindewolf of Marburg. On Wednesday morning Rev. Dr. Erhard preached a powerful sermon before the Conference, taking for his text, Is. 65: 8. "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it; so will I do for my servants' sake, that I may not destroy them all. And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains." He referred to the past history of the Reformed church, and to the blessing she had been to Germany. "So God did not destroy her!" And he gave three reasons why her seed should spread and grow and bring forth much fruit. 1st. Her pure doctrine in regard to the Lord's Supper and the Atonement. 2d. The simplicity of her church services. 3rd. Her Presbyterian organization and her power of Church discipline.

After this service the Conference adjourned to the Library and adopted a Constitution. They did not form an organic union, but an Alliance or Bund of the different churches for church work. The following are the first two clauses of the Constitution:—

1. "This Bund grounds itself on the Word of God of the Old and New Testament, and acknowledges the confessions of the Reformed Church of Germany, especially the Heidelberg Catechism, as right and pure declarations of its teachings.

2. "This Bund aims at the preservation and care of the interests (Güter) of the Reformed church of Germany, in teaching, worship and discipline in every possible way, in accordance with the order of the several confessions and churches to which the members of this Alliance belong. It abstains from any further interference in the affairs of the churches."

This constitution declares its objects to be the upbuilding of the Reformed church in Germany, the spread of Reformed literature, the strengthening of weak churches, and the furtherance of any other objects in accordance with the aims of the Alliance.

The constitution calls for a meeting every two years, but the brethren felt it advisable to hold a meeting next year at Elberfeld.

Rev. Mr. Calamnius, one of the conveners of this meeting, then read an excellent paper on the state of the Reformed Church of Germany during the past fifteen years. On Wednesday afternoon the members took dinner together in the saloon of the library, and sent a telegram to the Emperor of Germany, who, Dr. Zahn said, was still Reformed in feeling. On Wednesday evening Rev. Dr. Brandes gave a glowing account of the Reformed and Presbyterian Alliance at Belfast. Prof. Erhard read two letters written by Huguenot martyrs from prison at M-rseilles about 1700, urging adherence to the Reformed faith and rejoicing in its comfort in the face of death. Rev. D. Matthews made an address on the Reformed Alliance; Rev. Mr. Hornemann described catechization and catechetical prayer meetings in the Duchy of Meurs, and Rev. Dr. Dalton described the work of the Reformed Church in Russia.

On Thursday morning the Alliance took up various topics, as a church paper, church literature and church work, aid for weak churches, and other practical matters. They determined to urge the completion of the publication of Calvin's Institutes. Prof. Kraft wrote to them that in a year or so he would publish a History of the Reformed Church of Germany.

The proceedings of the meeting will be published in book form by the Reformed Publishing House at Barmen (34 a West Kottstrasse).

The meeting was very pleasant and gentlemanly. Each member showed a deep interest in and anxiety for the welfare of the Reformed Church of Germany. It has been said that the Reformed Church is dying out in Germany. Perhaps it is. But the members of this Conference claim about one million five hundred thousand adherents to the Reformed Church in Germany, three times as many as we have to our Church in the United States. Another fact that surprised me was the number of young men present at the meeting. If the Reformed Church of Germany is raising up such a band of young men she is not dying out. I asked several of the members, "Where were these young men educated, since there is no Reformed University in all Germany?" They answered that each of these young men took a private course in theology with some Reformed minister in addition to his University and Seminary course. Still another thing that surprised me about the Conference was the number of elders present, and their ability. "Ah," said one of the ministers to me, "it is the eldership that has been the glory of the Reformed Church in Germany over the Lutheran."

What will be the result of this Conference? If it is wisely managed, great good results will come out of it; if unwisely managed, it will fall to pieces. There are great difficulties in the way of the Reformed Church of Germany, but the signs are more hopeful than I was led to anticipate before I came here. This much the daughter Church in America should do. She should pray for the mother Church in the fatherland, and she should hold fraternal intercourse with her in an official manner through delegates, if possible; if not, by letter. This much I know: the day is coming in Germany, and it is not far off, when the churches will be granted greater liberty and independence. And the day is coming, and it is not far off, either, when the churches of Germany will be more aggressive and evangelistic than they have been during these ages of rationalism, pantheism and materialism. The evangelical spirit is rising. A little cloud now; may it bring a great rain from heaven on this land. On this rising tide in this emergency let the Reformed Church of Germany, rising from the glorious memories of her past







## Miscellaneous.

## A LOST MORNING.

Oh, foolish world! The writer's necromancy  
At times is powerless on the restive pen;  
And the blank page reflects the lagging fancy,  
Which has no message then.

The honest school-boy, of his cricket dreaming,  
Could trace no ruder figures o'er the slate  
Than those which yield my brain, with nothing  
teeming,  
Outlet articulate.

My tale of work, in well considered order,  
Lies fair before me on the laden desk;  
But nothing in me speaks, save dreams that border  
The grave with the grotesque.

Plans jotted down for many-sided labor,  
Invite in turn from various pigeon-holes,  
When the next story has some play for neighbor,  
Stocked with imagined souls.

Yet spite of Will (o'er which men make such  
pother),  
I cannot call one spirit from the deep,  
Where all the thoughts, which crowded each on  
other,  
Like very Merlin sleep.

Is it the sweet and heavy hum of summer,  
Full charged with the mesmeric scent of  
thyme,  
That, through my window an unbidden comer,  
Dissolves them into rhyme?

Is it the sun, in his new kingdom sharing  
The message of pure luxury with me,  
Which to the footsteps of his thr thr he bearing  
The murmur of the sea?

And whispering, "Rest thee, over-anxious mortal,  
A while oblivious of the world's commands,  
Content to offer at my golden portal  
A chaplet from my hands.

"E'en weave it as thou wilt; thy garden musers  
Mute hints of duties to inspire the lute;  
And to thy lips and sense stoop mingled clusters  
Of glowing flower and fruit.

"Bring me no ode of an heroic measure;  
Tell me no tale; seek no satire theme;  
But merely babble, out of every pleasure,  
Thine unconnected dream."

What could I answer? All the heat was singing,  
The insect chorus hummed in undertones;  
Slow to my feet my mighty dog was bringing  
A too exacting bone.

So happy in mere happiness of living,  
I let the morn slip unimproved by,  
And, past the hope of cultured man's forgiving,  
Thus "diem perdidit."

So have I writ lines that begin and end not,  
An idle morning's trifles cast away;  
For whence they come, and whither tend or tend  
not,  
Critical 'tis thine to say.

—Spectator.

## Selections.

A man lives by believing something, not by  
debating and arguing about many things.—*Cur-lye.*

"He who runs from God in the morning will  
scarcely find Him the rest of the day."—*John Bunyan.*

Devotion to the person of Christ that steers us  
clear of the doctrines and precepts of Christ is  
sentimental rhapsody.—*Dr. Herrick Johnson.*

Every sorrow, every smart,  
That the eternal Father's heart  
Hath appointed me of yore,  
Or hath yet for me in store,  
As my life flows on I'll take  
Calmy, gladly, for His sake.

—Gerhardt.

The man who, after he has ground all religious  
conviction out of his own mind, thinks he has  
thereby destroyed all religion, makes a great mis-  
take—the common mistake of blatant infidels.—*United Presbyterian.*

The gentle progression and growth of herbs,  
flowers, trees, gentle and yet irrepressible, which  
no force can stay, no violence restrain, is like  
love that wins its way and cannot be withheld  
by any human power, because itself is Divine  
power.—*Longfellow.*

The loving Saviour, on our homeward journey  
Is leading us by ever changing ways;  
Oh, may we have the faith to trust His guid-  
ance,  
And in the shadow still to give Him praise!

He leads us often amid countless crosses,  
Yet not that we should be depressed, or sad;  
But just that we may cast on Him our sorrow,  
And in His sympathy be always glad.

He leads us, but He leads us ever onward,  
And should He beckon us across the sea,  
Thence He will bear us in His arms of mercy,  
Within the haven of eternity.

—Charlotte Murray.

## Personal.

General Grant is to receive \$10,000 for his ar-  
ticles on the war, for the Century Magazine.

Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the British Pre-  
mier, has written a book for the Health Exhi-  
bition, on nurseries and the care of children.

Meisner is beginning to show a dislike to  
painting the portraits of women. To a critic who  
asked him for the reason, he replied, "They can  
paint themselves better than I can."

Berney, the late Jewish librarian of Bonn,  
was so strict that he never rang a bell on Satur-  
day, but clapped his hands when he wished his  
servant to procure him anything. Before becom-  
ing librarian, he imposed the condition that he  
would not work in the library on Saturdays. He  
told Auerbach that he observed Jewish traditions

so scrupulously, because he felt he had no right  
to violate them.

Mr. George W. Childs will soon have among  
his treasures "the harp of David," or at least the in-  
strument upon which Tom Moore used to play in  
the drawing-rooms of the rich and great whom  
he delighted with his improvisations. It was a  
present to Moore from his friends in Limerick,  
when they sought to send him to Parliament,  
and was sent to Mr. Childs by Mr. S. C. Hall,  
at whose house Moore had often played upon it.

The editor of the N. Y. World says: "For  
richness of biographical material St. John of the  
Prohibitionists, leads all the rest. He ran away  
from his father in Indiana at the age of twelve;  
was a husband at nineteen, and a widower at  
twenty; became one of the rough and tumble  
pioneers of the California gold diggings, and  
once ran barefooted over ice and frozen ground  
for two days with an anxious party of Indians  
after him; started for South America, and was  
wrecked without clothes or coin among the Sand-  
wich Islands; turned up as country lawyer in  
Illinois; served in the army during the war and  
got the rank of colonel, and finally 'struck it'  
in fighting the rum politics of Kansas. He was  
twice elected Governor.

## Science and Art.

W. W. Story is at work upon a statue rep-  
resenting Miriam singing her song of triumph  
upon the delivery of the children of Israel from  
the hands of Pharaoh. The right arm is out-  
stretched, and the left rests upon a timbrel, which  
is the counterpart of the tomborella of the Ital-  
ian peasant. The prophetic in clad in a richly  
fringed but simple tunic. The statue is still in  
the clay, and may still be somewhat modified.  
None of our modern sculptors bids fairer for last-  
ing fame than does Mr. Story.

THE BARTHOLOMEW STATUE AND THE COLOSSUS  
OF RHODES.—It may not be without interest to  
compare this curious ingenious contrivance  
evolved by M. Bartholdi from a little statuette  
one-third smaller than life, with what is known  
as the Colossus of Rhodes. M. Bartholdi's  
figure of liberty stands, without reckoning the  
diadem, 105 feet high; but the extreme height  
from the feet to the upper end of the torch held  
by the outstretched hand is 137 feet 9 inches.  
The statue will be placed on a granite pedestal  
eighty-three feet high. To those who like to be  
told that the letters in the inscriptions, "Tu es  
Petrus," running round the interior of the drum  
of the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome are tall as  
a life guardman, and that the pen held by the  
Apostle St. Luke in one of the spandrels of the  
arches of the dome is eleven feet long, it may be  
interesting to learn that a person six feet in  
height, standing on the tips of M. Bartholdi's  
head of liberty, can only just reach the eyebrow;  
that people can jump with ease in and out of the  
tip of the nose, and the eyes measure six feet  
from corner to corner. Turning to the old  
"wonder of the world," we find that it was the  
largest of the hundred colossal statues of the  
Sun which at one time embellished the city of  
Rhodes. It was upward of 105 feet high; per-  
sons had arms long enough to embrace its  
thumb; and fingers were longer than the whole  
bodies of the majority of the statues then ex-  
tant; the hollows of the limbs when broken, re-  
sembled caves, and inside might be seen but a  
stone inserted to keep the statue in position. It  
took twelve years to erect, and cost three hun-  
dred talents. The story that the legs of the  
Colossus extended across the mouth of the harbor  
is generally considered to be a fiction; but that  
it stood close to the entrance of the port of  
Rhodes, and was made to serve as a pharos or  
lighthouse, seems certain enough. It was over-  
thrown and smashed to pieces by an earthquake  
fifty-six years after its erection. For 900 years  
the fragments of this wonder of the world srewed  
the mole at Rhodes, and then they were sold by  
the Calipha Omar to a merchant at Rhodes, who  
carried away those prodigious marine stores  
on the backs of 900 camels. A French Scavenger  
calculated that the aggregate weight of the bronze  
must have been 700,000 pounds.

THE GREAT ELECTRICAL FOUNTAIN.—  
Speaking of the Electrical Exhibition, now open,  
the Record last week gave this description of the  
fountain, the beauty of which is winning great  
admiration:

"Nothing, however, to be seen in the way of  
electrical lighting will equal either in interest or  
beauty the magnificent electrical fountain, which  
will be the great feature of the decoration of the  
navy of the exhibition hall. The fountain is  
already constructed and occupies a central position.  
From a basin built of brick and lined with  
cement a large cone-shaped stone column arises  
to the height of about twelve feet, the basin itself  
being about thirty feet in diameter. From a pipe  
through this central column a volume of water  
is forced and made to assume the shape of an  
aquatic umbrell, which will be illuminated in the  
most artistic manner by a crown of incandes-  
cent lights, over which the water flows as it takes  
its concave circular shape. The borders of the  
basin will be banked with cut flowers, tropical  
plants and moss, so arranged as to give an im-  
pression of naturalness to the fountain pool.  
From the border of this floral bank twelve jets  
of glistening water are so directed as to catch the  
rays of colored electric light thrown from invis-  
ible points, and controlled by a cunningly de-  
vised optical apparatus. As the streams of these  
different colored lights meet and break the  
prismatic colors will all appear. The brilliant  
effects thus produced could not be well described  
in cold type. In addition to this, from the cen-  
tral column three lofty jets of different colors  
will rise, intended to give an effect, as of tropical  
flowers. When the blaze of lights of the  
great arch-span of 100 feet above is at its full  
colors only will appear, but when this is dimmed,  
as it will be at intervals, the most striking effect  
produced by the fountain in its entirety will be  
that of living fire of different colors; and if one  
allows the fountain streams to flow over his hands  
the startling effect would be produced that  
he was handling great streams of liquid fire.  
No attempt at an electrical fountain on so grand  
a scale has ever before been made, and this  
fountain cannot fail to prove a novelty of dazzling  
beauty.

## Items of Interest.

The Lond n Drinking Fountain Association  
has erected 557 fountains and 566 cattle troughs  
in that city.

In 1881 the hay crop in this country exceed-  
ed the cotton in value by \$90,000,000. The hay  
crop of 1882 was estimated to be worth \$372,000,-  
000.

London schools are crippled by the dearth of  
competent female teachers. The severity of  
preliminary examinations has frightened wom-  
en from applying, so so few have been able to  
pass.

St. Louis is discussing the question of holding  
a World's Fair in that city in 1892, to celebrate  
the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Amer-

ica by Columbus. New York is thinking of the  
same thing.

When a Brazilian gentleman introduces a  
friend he always adds after the formula of intro-  
duction, "If he steals anything I am responsible  
for it." What fun there would be if this custom  
were introduced in this country.

There were received at New Orleans a fort-  
night ago by way of San Francisco 296 bales of  
cotton from the Sandwich Islands, which were  
shipped directly to Liverpool. It was the first  
appearance there of Hawaiian cotton.

The city of Caracas was destroyed with 10,-  
000 lives in about half a minute. Lisbon was  
overthrown in five or six minutes. There is  
thus a great variation in the number of shocks  
of earthquakes and in the intervals between  
them.

In some of the Southern camp-meetings, no-  
tices are posted up stating that "drummers and  
politicians will not be welcomed." And yet  
there are plenty of people who think that these  
useful articles of citizens are just the ones who  
need religion the most.

In Great Britain there are 19,386 registered  
places for explosives, and the dynamite trade is  
increasing, four new factories having been erect-  
ed during the year. It may be inferred that this  
country is not responsible for all of the 179 ex-  
plosions that occurred last year in the United  
Kingdom.

According to an estimate based upon Collector  
Pollock's return of the beer and liquor manufac-  
ture last year in the First Internal Revenue  
District of Pennsylvania, the toppers there must  
have drunk 600,502,050 glasses of beer, costing  
them about \$30,000,000, and 35,024,015 drinks of  
spiruous liquors, costing \$3,500,000.

"Orange Blossoms: a Marriage Chronicle and  
Social Review" is the title of a weekly journal,  
the first number of which was published the  
other day in London. Besides a great deal of  
news about marriages, the paper contains a num-  
ber of articles on social subjects; and a special  
feature will be carefully executed portraits of  
persons whose marriages are recorded. What  
next?

The Council of State in Paris has issued a de-  
ree modifying the rules by which the uniformity  
of height in the houses in Paris is secured. The  
height of a building, as before, is to depend  
to a great extent upon the breadth of the road-  
way. Thus, in streets less than 7 metres 80  
centimetres wide, 12 metres is the maximum  
elevation; while in streets of 20 metres and  
more in width, 20 metres are allowed. This  
measure, however, does not apply to public build-  
ings.

The Japanese ivy is one of the prettiest climb-  
ers we have. It is much more delicate than the  
Virginia creeper, which it closely resembles. It  
climbs a wall without aid, cannot be torn off by  
the wind, is perfectly hardy and easily grown, is  
clean and bright in appearance, is beautiful in  
Autumn, is an early waker in Spring, and it  
makes a dense and symmetrical, but not a shaggy  
covering. The botanical name is *Ampelopsis  
Veitchii*.

The will of the late Hon. Henry C. Lewis, of  
Coldwater, Michigan, gives \$10,000 to Kalamazoo  
College, as much more for missionary purposes  
to be designated by Mr. Lewis's widow, and  
\$1,000 to the Baptist Sunday-school of Coldwater.  
The deceased bequeaths his private library of  
30,000 volumes and considerable statutory to the  
Free Public Library of Coldwater. His splen-  
did art gallery, worth \$200,000 to \$400,000, he  
bequeaths to the Michigan State University.  
After the death of his wife the remainder of his  
estate goes to his heirs at law.

The project of cutting a ship canal across the  
Province of Holstein, by which the Baltic and  
North Seas will be connected, has been earnestly  
taken up in Germany. The canal will extend  
from a point near the mouth of the Elbe to the  
harbor of Kiel, one of the chief naval ports of  
the empire. It will be of sufficient size to per-  
mit the largest ironclads of the German Navy  
to steam through it. This will avoid the neces-  
sity of making the present long journey  
around the Peninsula of Jutland. Detailed  
drawings of the canal will be submitted to the  
Reichstag.

The women of Slim, it is said, have petitioned  
the king to take from their husbands the right  
to pledge them in the payment of gambling  
debts. Hereupon the Christian Register re-  
marks: "This method of making the wife respon-  
sible for the sins of the husband, is not without  
parallel in our own country. It is a common  
thing for a man to be arrested for drunkenness,  
and for his hard-working wife to pay the fine  
that is imposed by the court. In such cases the  
law operates to free the man and punish the wife.  
But this is only one form of legal sacrifice which  
women sometimes make when they enter the  
marriage relation.

Toulon, at present the chief town of an arron-  
dissement of the Var, is situated on the northern  
shore of a bay which runs for some distance in a  
northwesterly direction into the French main-  
land. To the north a high chain of hills runs  
half round the bay; at its southern end, the en-  
trance to the harbor is protected by lofty promontories  
from easterly or westerly winds. It is guarded  
from the south wind by a peninsula running  
across the entrance, in the north of which are the  
great roads. Close to the town are two large  
basins, formed by magnificent quays and moles,  
called the old and the new port, the eastern one  
for vessels of war and merchantmen, the other  
kept exclusively for the navy, having been  
greatly enlarged in 1856. The depth of the  
outer roads is sixty feet, that of the inner road  
and the basins thirty feet, so that a fully equip-  
ped vessel of the line can float at ease in them. Since  
1784 the plan of enlarging the town and the har-  
bor has been frequently discussed, but it was not  
really undertaken till 1838, being at that time  
highly necessary, for the flourishing town of  
Marseilles was attracting all the trade, and Toulon  
gradually sinking as a commercial port. The  
enlargement of the town, however, was not set  
about till 1856, and that through the extension  
of the war harbor, which was disproportionate to  
the harbor, which was disproportionate to the  
Louis Napoleon's rapidly created fleet. While  
the war harbor formerly could not hold thirty  
ships of the line, it is now spacious enough for  
one hundred and fifty ironclad frigates. Toulon  
has endured repeated sieges, which nearly all  
resulted unfortunately for the town. In 599 it  
was captured by the Goths, in 789 torn from the  
Saracens by Charles Martel, but twice besieged  
and desolated by them in 1173, 1193 and in 1211.  
In 1524 it was occupied by the troops of Charles  
V., under the Count de Bourbon. In the  
Spanish war of succession it gloriously withstood  
the siege of Prince Eugene, who, after twenty-  
four days of heavy fighting, with 30,000 men,  
was compelled to retreat. The last tragic event  
of this nature was the siege and capture of the  
city in 1793 by the Republicans, for the conven-  
tion behaved with even unusual cruelty. When  
Toulon surrendered to the English it had 28,000  
inhabitants; a short time after the departure of  
the latter the number was reduced to 7,000; now  
it has a resident population of 60,000. But  
Toulon has also suffered equally by pesti-  
lences, which raged with unparalleled fury. Since  
the commencement of the fifteenth century the  
town has been visited no less than nine times by

the plague, the worst being in 1721, the last time  
it made its appearance.

## Farm and Garden.

A prominent fruit grower says weeds will never  
bother a farmer if he will keep the land in grass,  
turning soil for crops, and reseeding again to grass  
after one or two plowings.

On all except sandy or gravelly soils manures  
applied in excess of the needs of the crop are not  
wasted. It is quite common on heavy land to  
find plots of exceptional fertility.

The heavier an orchard is cropped the more  
manure it requires. From 100 to 200 pounds  
each of bone dust and kainit (polish salts) per  
acre is recommended by the best orchardists.

In packing apples for shipment not one  
should be placed in the barrel that has the  
slightest trace of unsoundness, as such apples de-  
cay sooner than the others, and also affect all in  
the barrel.

A cultivator who grafted grapevines after they  
had grown a foot or two said that a month after-  
ward they had done as well as those set in De-  
cember, and all the trouble of winter protection  
was saved.

Lambs can be safely weaned and separated  
from their mothers at four months, and should  
not be allowed to subsist upon the ewes longer  
than five months, as they cannot thrive best while  
raising lambs.

When colts are running with their dams care  
should be exercised while feeding, as any food  
that has the least tendency to make the mares  
loose in the bowels will operate on the colts in  
the same manner.

Sheep that have been uniformly kept will have  
fleeces of the greatest strength. A week of star-  
vation, unusual exposure to severe weather, or  
often a very cold period in winter with supposed  
good care, will stop the growth of wool and a  
weak place in the fibre will be the result.

An enemy of the grape—in the form of a grape-  
seed grub—has been discovered. The eggs are  
deposited by a small black fly upon the skin of  
the grape, and the young grubs work their way  
into the immature seeds soon after hatching. The  
infested fruit usually shrivels in midsummer.  
The best remedy for the pest is to gather and  
burn the affected grapes.

## Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our  
Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
A. C. SWINBURNE. From the latest English  
edition of his works. Edited by R. H. Stod-  
dard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell &  
Co., No. 13 Astor Place. Pp. 634. Price,  
\$1.25.

The editor of this volume in an article pub-  
lished in the June number of the *Century*, gave  
a very fine review of the poems of Swinburne,  
which is here republished as an introduction to  
the work. He thinks that since Marlowe showed  
the daring splendor of his fiery spirit to the  
world, no writer of verse has exhibited the fervor  
and elemental energy of the old masters so  
fully as the author whose works are now published  
by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Mr. Stoddard's esti-  
mate is confirmed by the judgment of literary  
men everywhere. Swinburne gives evidence of  
peculiar genius. His works will not only live  
after him as brilliant, but will mark an era in  
the history of poetry, because he has created a  
new and distinct school. The selections in the  
volume before us are judicious and full. They  
are published in uniform style with volumes re-  
cently mentioned in our columns from the same  
house—tinted paper, red lined borders, gilt edges  
and bound in a cover of beautiful design.

TEN YEARS A POLICE COURT JUDGE. By  
Judge Wigglite. Published in Funk & Wagn-  
alls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, N. Y.) Standard  
Library. Paper, 25 cents.

It can readily be imagined that a police court  
judge of ten years' standing must have some  
most instructive and most amusing things to tell.  
His advantages for the study of human nature  
are almost unequalled. His observations on  
society should be worthy of wide reading, for its  
woes and wrongs are unveiled to his eyes as to no  
other. He can feel its pulse day by day as even  
the keenest of journalists he be a man of schol-  
arly qualities as well as practical sagacity, the  
book which contains the cream of his experiences,  
must be something well worth attention. Judge  
Wigglite is a veritable Judge, and his book is a  
veritable store-house of fact and incident,—facts  
ludicrous and facts pathetic, facts mortifying and  
facts encouraging, facts of law and facts of morali-  
ty. The book, however, is far more than a scrap  
book. It abounds in lessons and suggestions, the  
outgrowth not only of close observation but of  
careful reflection. The facts given in reference to  
intemperance are startling in the extreme, and  
considering their source, will carry great weight.  
Take it all in all, the book is unique, interesting,  
and valuable, and the spontaneous humor that  
bubbles out on all appropriate occasions, renders  
it one of the most readable books of the day for  
all classes of readers.

THE MEDICAL BULLETIN: A Monthly Jour-  
nal of Medicine and Surgery. Edited by John  
V. Shoemaker, A. M., M. D. Contents for Sep-  
tember:—Therapeutic Lectures; Original Communi-  
cations;—Clinical Notes; Editorials; Medical  
News and Testimonials; Notes, Queries and Re-  
sponses; Book Reviews; New Publications received,  
and Baltimore Notes.

Terms, \$1.00 a year in advance. Philadelphia,  
E. A. Davis, Attorney, Publisher, No. 1217 Fil-  
bert street. 1884.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW, September, 1884.  
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Yearly sub-  
scription, \$3.00. Single number, 30 cents. The  
Andover comes bright and fresh as usual. Dr.  
Bittinger, in an able contribution, discusses the  
subject of eschatology as unfolded in the first and  
fifth books of the Psalms, and we are sure that  
every Old Testament scholar will agree with  
him in his conviction, that a study of the whole  
Psalter, with a view to its eschatology, would  
yield some very valuable results. In "The  
Rationale of Russian Socialism," Rev. Edward  
Rawson gives a clear account of the principles  
by which it is actuated and the purpose it seeks.  
"Buddhism and Christianity" is the subject of  
a very thoughtful article, to be continued, by  
Wm. M. Bryant, in which he attempts to trace  
the chief conditions of the historical develop-  
ment of the two faiths respectively, and at the  
same time to present the fundamental concep-  
tions by which each is characterized. Very in-  
teresting and instructive is Prof. John Phelps  
Taylor's article, "Modern Glimpses of Assyrian  
Art," and the article on "The New Psychology"  
will be read with pleasure by all who are inter-  
ested in mental science. The editorial notes are,  
as always, fresh and excellent. Indeed, the pre-  
sent number is very good throughout.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. The number of the  
Living Age for September 6, contain—Peter the  
Great, Quarterly Review; Beauty and the Beast,  
By Sarah Tytler, Good Words; Hodson on Hod-  
son's Horse, National Review; Mitchellhurst  
Place, Macmillan's Magazine; Alliteration,  
Temple Bar; A New Aid to Thrift, Spectator;  
Social Village Life in 1800, All the Year Round;  
Birds'-Nest Soup, Nature; Crooked Answers,  
Spectator; and poet-y.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages  
each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the sub-  
scription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the  
publishers offer to send any one of the American  
\$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age  
for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston,  
are the publishers.

## Married.

August 29th, 1884, in Frieden's church, near  
Cross Keys, Va., by Rev. B. R. Canahan, Mr.  
Michael A. Koerner to Miss Willie B. Esmann,  
both of Rockingham county, Va.

At the Reformed Parsonage, in Ringtown,  
August 15th, by Rev. W. B. Sandoe, Mr. Elias  
Breins to Mrs. Mary Farnsworth, both of Shenan-  
doah, Schuylkill county, Pa.

At the same place, by the same, August 30th,  
Mr. Maurice Williams to Miss Polly Kline, both  
of Union Township, Schuylkill county, Pa.

## Obituaries.

## Resolutions of Respect

At a meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society  
of Christ Reformed Church, Altoona, Pa., held  
at the house of Sister Magdalene Mobus, August  
26, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions  
were adopted:

WHEREAS, God, in His all-wise Providence,  
has for the first time sent death into our circle  
and removed one beloved by us all; therefore, be  
it

Resolved, That while we mourn our loss we  
bow submissively to the sovereign will of our  
Heavenly Father who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of our  
deceased sister, Christiana Reifneider, and that  
we imitate her example of Christian fidelity and  
consecration to the service of her Master, for she  
loved the courts of God's house, and her place  
in the sanctuary was seldom vacant. We feel  
her loss; in the home, in the church, and in the  
community where she lived, she is missed; but  
we sorrow not as those who have no hope, know-  
ing that our loss is her eternal gain, ever remem-  
bering that our days on earth are as a shadow, and  
there is none abiding.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved fam-  
ily our sympathy, commending them to the  
Father of mercies, the God of all comfort.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded on  
our minutes, a copy sent to the family of the de-  
ceased, to the daily papers of our city, and to the  
MESSENGER, and to the "Missionary Sentinel  
and Herald."

MRS. E. PIPER,  
MISS MARY MILLER,  
MRS. P. L. BRICKER,  
MRS. D. L. PAIGHEL,  
Committee.

DIED.—In the Dripton Hospital, Luzerne Co.,  
June 27th, 1884, Mr. Charles Witcome, aged 22  
years, 7 months, and 15 days.

Mr. Witcome was crushed between the cars.  
He was a member of the St. Peter's Reformed  
congregation in Beaver Valley, Columbia county,  
Pa.

DIED.—In East Union township, Schuylkill  
county, Pa., August 16, 1884, Emma J. L. Drish,  
aged 9 months, and 20 days.

DIED.—In Gouren, Luzerne county, Pa., Aug.  
18th, John Jacob, infant son of J. J. Just, aged  
11 months, 12 days.

DIED.—In Scotch Valley, Columbia county,  
Pa., William Franklin, infant son of Martine  
Saine, aged 2 years, 3 months, and 20 days.

DIED.—In Beaver township, Columbia county,  
Pa., August 30th, Mrs. Mary M. Sewick, aged 62  
years and 15 days. W. B. S.

DIED.—August 22, 1884, near Littlestown, Pa.,  
Henry Bollinger, aged 63 years, 8 months, and 4  
days.

DIED.—August 30th, near Littlestown, Pa.,  
Thelia Romaine Hull, aged 10 months and 3  
days.

DIED.—Near Rainsburg, Bedford county, Pa.,  
August 27, 1884, Rebecca Fuller, aged 69 years,  
3 months and 13 days.

## Acknowledgments.

Home Missions. General Synod.  
Per Rev. C. H. Reiter, D. D., from Rev.  
C. F. Kreitz, Salem's Reformed Sunday  
School, Fort Wayne, Indiana, pledge at  
Synod, \$5 00  
Per Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., from Trinity  
church, Phila., pledge at General Synod  
for Harbor Missions, 10 00  
Per Rev. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., from Rev.  
T. J. Hacker, St. John's church, Sha-  
makin, for Harbor Missions, 10 00  
Per Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, from Salem's  
church, Harrisburg, Pa., for Harbor  
Missions, 15 00  
Per Rev. J. F. Wint, Monroe, Pa., from  
Beaver charge, pledge at Synod for Har-  
bor Missions, 5 00  
Per Rev. A. Henry, from Canal Winchester  
charge, Ohio, pledge at Synod for  
Harbor Missions, 10 00  
\$55 00  
CHARLES SANTEE, Treasurer,  
532 North 6th St.







## NOTICE.

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will convene in annual sessions in Trinity Reformed Church, Pittsburg, Pa., on Wednesday, October 8th, A. D., 1884, at 7 30 P. M.

Efforts will be made to obtain Excursion rates on the Philadelphia and Reading R. R., for all members desirous of attending Synod.

JNO. P. SPEIN, Stated Clerk,  
Millsville, Pa.

## NOTICE.

Pittsburg Synod will meet in general convention in St. Peter's Reformed Church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, A. D. 1884, at 7 30 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements will be made for Excursion rates to the members on the A. V. R. and B. and O. railroads. Orders will be for-warded by the clerk to those entitled.

Pastors and charges will please furnish the Clerk with the names of the Delegate Elders ten days before September 17, 1884.

H. F. KREMER, Clerk,  
Manor Station, Pa.

July 26, 1884.

## NOTICE.

The Sunday-School Board of Pittsburg Synod will report to the coming meeting of Synod the following subjects and speakers for its Sunday school sessions: 1. The Model Teacher, by Revs. C. U. Heilmann and A. K. Kline; 2. The Model Scholar, by Revs. J. Wolbach and H. D. Dabaker. After the addresses by the appointed speakers, each subject will be open for general discussion. Opening speeches shall be limited to fifteen minutes, orators to five minutes.

By Order of the Board.

A. E. TRUXAL, Chairman.

## NOTICE.

The Board of Missions of the Reformed Church in the United States (Tri Synod) will hold its annual meeting in the Second Reformed Church, Reading, on the 10th of September at 10 A. M. Full attendance of members requested.

J. O. MILLER, President.

## NOTICE.

Delegates and others, who expect to attend the meeting of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, October 8, 1884—on business—are hereby respectfully requested to report their names to the undersigned before September 27th, 1885.

L. K. EVANS.  
Pottstown, Pa.

## POTOMAC SYNOD.

The Sunday-school Board of the Potomac Synod has selected the following topics and speakers for the Sunday-school session of the meeting of Synod at Hanover, October 15th:

1. The Sunday-school as an educator, and its value to the public welfare, by Revs. F. F. Bahner and Wm. C. Cremer.

2. How can the Sunday-school be made attractive without the loss of spiritual power? by Revs. W. Goodrich and J. B. Shontz.

The appointed speakers will be limited to fifteen minutes each, after which the subjects will be open for general discussion.

G. S. GRIFFITH, Chairman.

## General News.

## Home.

Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury, died suddenly at his home, Geneva, N. Y., on the 4th inst.

A despatch from Sparta, Ga., announces the death of Bishop George F. Pierce, Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, on the 3d inst.

Senator Anthony, called the Father of the United States Senate, died at his home in Rhode Island last week.

The Vermont election shows a Republican majority of 20,000.

## Foreign.

Brussels, September 7.—Clericals from all the provinces to the number of many thousands paraded the streets here to-day amid the vehement hissing and howling of dense crowds of lookers-on. The latter, soon after the din commenced, became more demonstrative and blocked the procession and tore down the banners. Fierce scuffles ensued, and many persons, including several policemen, were injured.

Antwerp, September 7.—Great excitement prevailed here to-day and numerous riots occurred in sympathy with the outbreak at Brussels against the Clericals. The gendarmes dispersed the mob and made four arrests.

Paris, September 7.—Four deaths from cholera occurred in Marseilles during the past twenty-four hours. At Novelda, Spain, there have been six fresh cases and five deaths during the same period, and at Montforte five fresh cases and two deaths.

From Rome 348 fresh cases and 117 deaths are reported as occurring at the various Italian towns covered by the reports.

## DIRECTORY OF WORSHIP.

We are ready to fill orders for the Directory of Worship, which was presented by the Committee appointed by the General Synod, Tiffin, O., 1881, to the late General Synod held in Baltimore, Md., and approved and sent down by the Synod to the Classes for adoption or rejection. The price—as fixed by the Synod—is 60 cents per copy. On receipt of this amount, and 6 cents additional to pay postage (if to be sent by mail), all orders will be promptly filled.

Address,  
REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD,  
907 Arch Street,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

## Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, September 8, 1884.

Flour.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Super \$2.50@3; winter extras, \$3 @3.50; Pennsylvania family, \$4@4.25; do roller straight, \$4.50@5; Western winter clears, \$4.25

@5; Straights, \$5@5.25; winter patent, \$5.37@5.87; Minnesota clear, \$4@5; do straight, \$5 @5.25; do patent, \$5.50@6.25. Rye Flour was quiet but firm under light supplies at \$3.75 per barrel for choice.

WHEAT.—Sales of 5000 bushels No. 2 Delaware red in elevator at 90c; 600 bushels No. 1 Pennsylvania red in elevator at 89c; 1200 bushels new No. 2 red in elevator at 88c, with 87c. bid and 88c. asked for No. 2 red September; 10,000 bushels October at 89c.

CORN.—Sales of 1200 bushels rejected mixed, track, at 56@57c; 3000 bushels No. 3 mixed in store at 61c; 600 bushels do do track at 61c; 600 bushels No. 3 high mixed, track, at 62c; 4000 bushels steamer mixed on track and in Twentieth street elevator at 61@62c, and 600 bushels do do in grain depot at 52c, with sail quoted at 61@65c, as to color and location, and 61c. bid and 63c. asked for sail mixed September in elevator; 61c. bid and 63c. asked October.

OATS.—Sales of 3 cars rejected white at 29@31c, as to condition; 1 car No. 2 mixed at 31c; 3 cars No. 3 white at 33@33c, and 1 car do do track at 34c. No. 2 white h'd at 35c, with 35c. bid. Futures were dull but steady with 34c. bid and 35c. asked for No. 2 white September; 34c. bid and 35c. asked for October.

RYE was wholly nominal at 60@65c. per bushel, as to quality.

REFINED SUGARS were in good demand and 1-16@1/8c. higher, closing firm at the advance. Refiners' prices for round lots were 63@70c, as to brand, for powdered; 6 1/16@6 3/4c. for granulated; 6 3/4c. for crystal A, and 6 1/2c. for confectioners' A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$18; shoulders in salt, 7 1/2c; do smoked, 8@8 1/2c; pickled shoulders, 8@8 1/2c; do smoked, 9 1/2@10c; breakfast bacon, 11 1/2@12c. Loose Butchers' Lard, 7 1/2c; prime steam do, \$8; city refined do, 8 1/2@9c; Beef Hams, \$24@25; Dried Beef, \$18@19; Sweet pickled hams, 12 1/2@13c, as to average; smoked hams, 14 1/2@15c, as to average. City family beef, \$13.50@14. City Tallow, in hogheads, at 6 1/2@6 3/4c.

POULTRY.—We quote live old hens at 12c for near by, and at 10@11c. for Western; mixed k's, 10@11c; roosters, 6c, and live spring chickens at 11@13c, as to size and quality; Ducks, 8@10c; Dressed Chickens—Extra at 16@17c; do fowls, Pennsylvania, 15c; do Western, 14c; poor do, 12@13c, and spring chickens at 14@16c, as to size and quality.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 23@24c; Western do do, 24c; exceptional fancy lots, 25c; do firsts, 20@22c; Western dairy choice, 18@20c; do firsts, 14@16c; New York and Bradford county fresh tubs, 20@21c; firsts, 15@17c; packing grades, 8c; grease, 3@5c; creamery prints, fancy, 25@27c; good to choice, 20@23c; fair, 12@15c; dairy prints, 12@22c, as to quality.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 10c; do fair to good, 9 1/2@9 3/4c; Ohio flat choice, 8c; selections, 8 1/2@8 3/4c; do prime, 7 1/2@7 3/4c; do fair to good, 6@7c; Pennsylvania part skims, fancy, 4@4 1/2c; do fair to prime, 2 1/2@3c; do full skims, fresh arrivals, 2c, and old skims, 4@10c.

EGGS.—We quote Pennsylvania extras at 20c; near by, and at 19@20c; Western do at 19c, and Western firsts at 18c.

PETROLEUM.—The export market was quiet and unchanged at 7 1/2c. for 70 Abel test in barrels and 9 1/2c. for 110 test in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice North Pennsylvania new at \$17.18; choice Western and New York State Timothy at \$17@18, and fair to good do at \$14@16.50. Rye Straw was scarce and firm at \$15.50@16 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was dull and steady at 9@9 1/2c. per lb. Timothy was quiet at \$1.55@1.62 1/2 per bushel. Flax was firm and in fair demand, with sales at \$1.40 per bushel for pure.

FEED.—Sales of 1 car fine winter Bran at \$14.75; 5 cars No. 1 do do at \$15, and 1 car choice do do at \$15.25, all on spot.

## Live Stock Prices.

The receipts of live stock at the various yards were: For the week—Beves, 3,000; sheep, 12,000; hogs, 4,100. Previous week—Beves, 4,400; sheep, 16,000; hogs, 4,300.

BEEF CATTLE were in much lighter supply, and with a fair demand prices advanced and closed fully 1/2c. higher. Extra, 6 1/2@7c; good, 6@6 1/2c; medium, 5 1/2@5 3/4c; common, 4@5c; Texans, 4 1/2@5 1/4c.

FAT COWS were dull at 3@4c.

MILK COWS were in better request at \$30@70.

VEAL CALVES were in fair demand at 6@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS were in lighter supply, and with only a moderate demand prices on extra advanced to 5c, while the common grades were dull and lower, 300 extreme common selling at \$1 per head. Extra, 4 1/2@5c; good, 4@4 1/2c; medium, 3@3 1/2c; common, 1@2 1/2c; lambs 3 1/2@6 1/2c.

HOGS were in fair request and prices closed 1/2c. lower, in sympathy with the West. We quote Western from 9 1/2@9 3/4c; country, 8 to 9c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were in fair demand, and prices closed firm at 7 1/2@10c.

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